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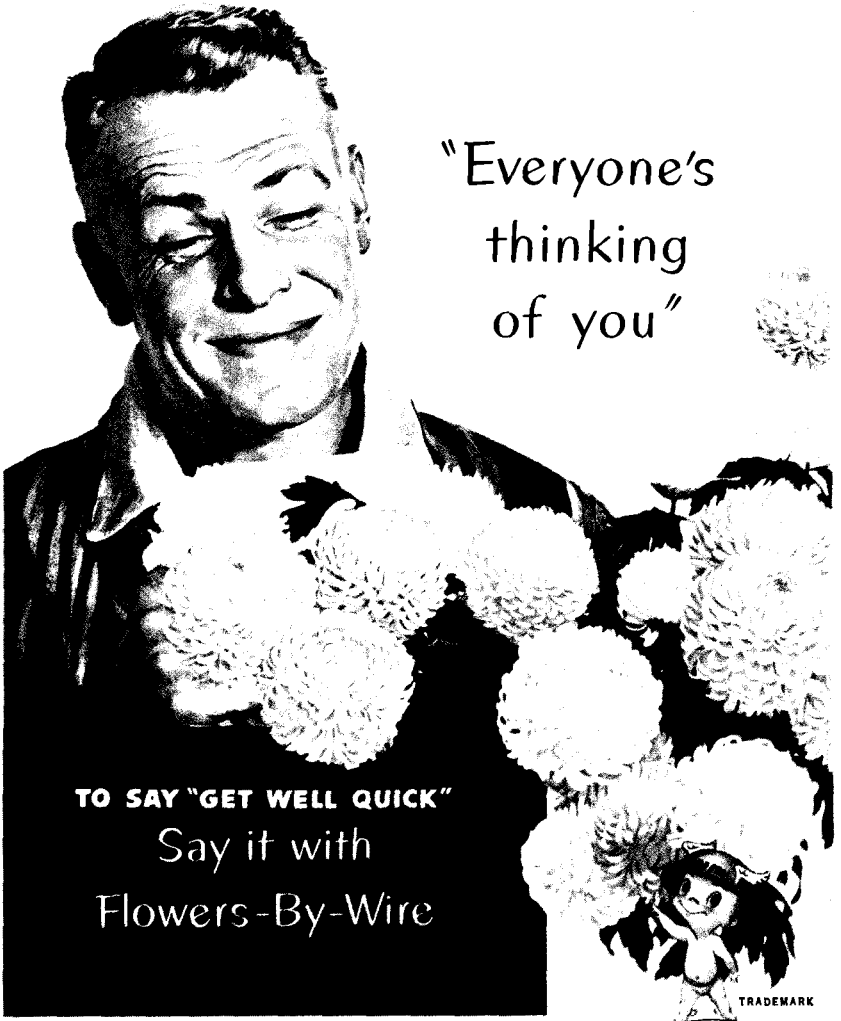


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**MAR 37**



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MOVIES

# THE MONTH'S BEST

Cary Grant: "Cat" on a Hot Tile Roof

## TO CATCH A THIEF

ALFRED HITCHCOCK takes moviegoers on an exciting trip through the French Riviera in his latest suspense-drama for Paramount. An astute insurance inspector uses an old axiom—"Set a thief to catch a thief"—to solve an outbreak of gem robberies. As "The Cat," a retired jewel burglar, Cary Grant turns on all of his highly polished charm. And beautiful Grace Kelly gives the Continental scenery (in VistaVision and Technicolor) unfair competition.

Grace Kelly: Danger lurks in corridors



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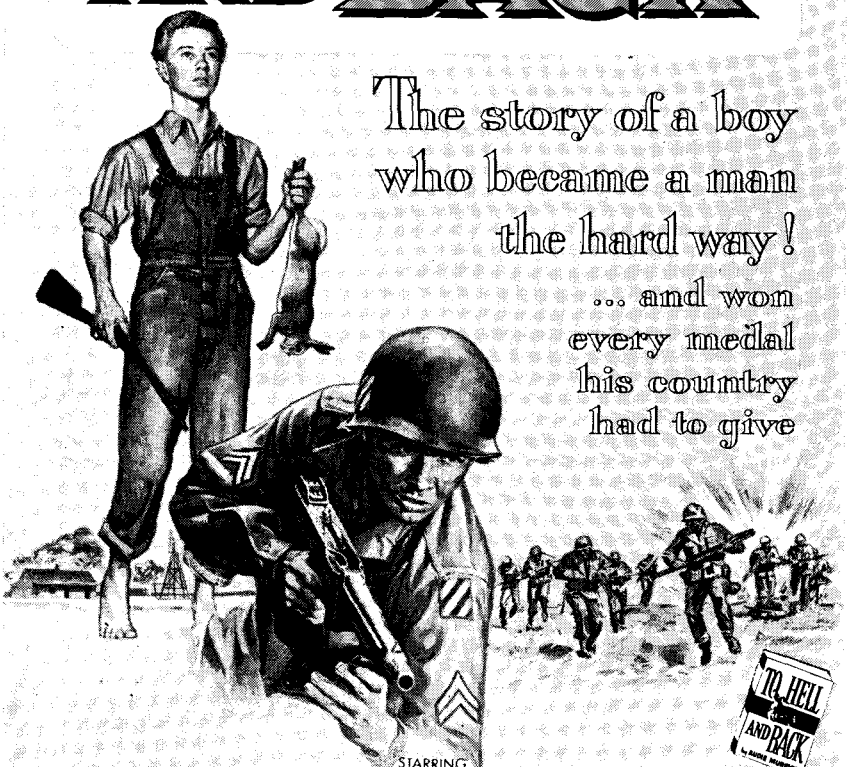
# TO HELL AND BACK



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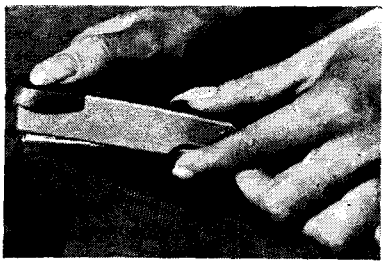
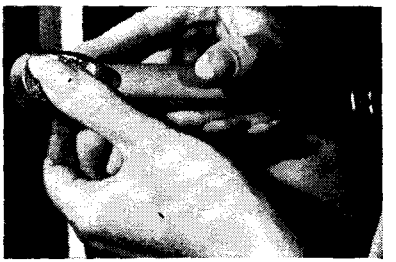
# Staple Projects

*Repairs and decorations around the house become simple if you use the stapler efficiently*

**TO ADD A** festive touch to your parties, staple bright decorations onto the paper plates. Try varied colors and materials to enhance designs.

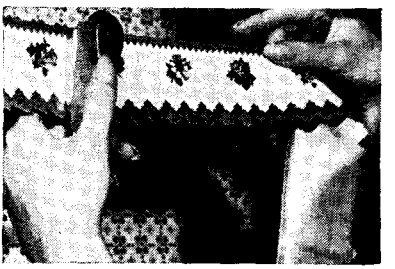


**FOR MAKING** and repairing window screens, use a small, hand-size stapler to secure screening to the frame.



**WINTERPROOFING,** too, gets helping hand from the stapler, for felt insulation around door and window frames.

**WHEN LINING** drawers of the kitchen cupboard and bureau, staple the material or paper to prevent shifting.



**KITCHEN AND CLOSET** shelves take on a gay quality with attractive trims, stapled on for more decorative effect.



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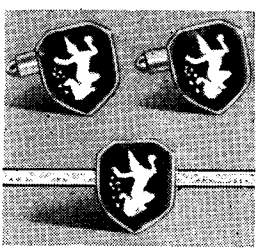

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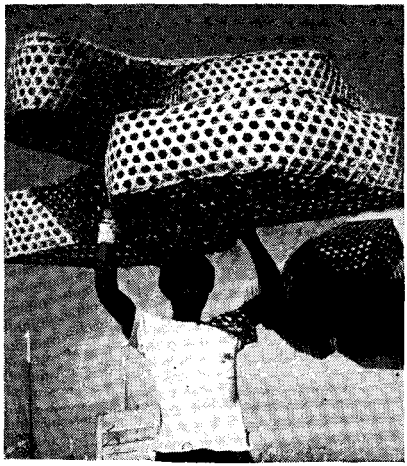
TRAVEL

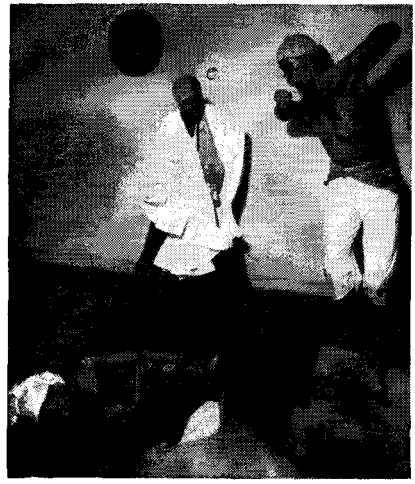
# *The Exotic Islands*

Pink beaches, blue Caribbean waters, native beauties (right) and a wonderful zest for living are part of the haunting charm of the Bahamas and Trinidad isles.



Deep-sea fishing, reef-roving (with skin-diving gear) and sailing add to the fun of a Bahamas vacation. And Nassau's colorful native markets feature unusual shapes in handmade straw baskets (left).

Music and dancing are interwoven into Trinidad's daily life, from the exotic religious ritual, with its wild jungle-drum rhythms, to the toe-tapping Calypso tunes with their hilarious lyrics.





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FAMILY GUIDEPOST

# *How to Handle Children*

*by* FRANK BLAIR

If there are two children present, divide your attention equally. Fussing over the baby may make the older one jealous.

Even when you know a child well, never force your affection on him, or attempt to take him from the arms of his mother.

Don't discourage a child's first efforts to do things alone by taking over when he makes mistakes. Stand by until he asks for help, then patiently offer advice.

Children don't enjoy visiting when they feel left out and ignored. If you take them to see other adults, make sure they are included in whatever is going on.

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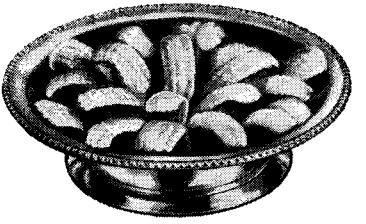

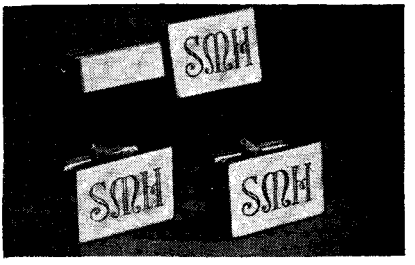


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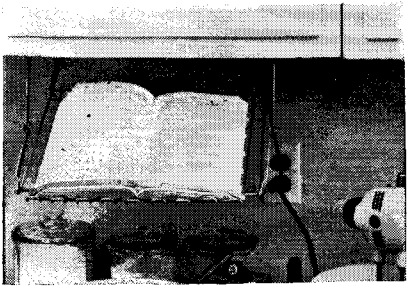

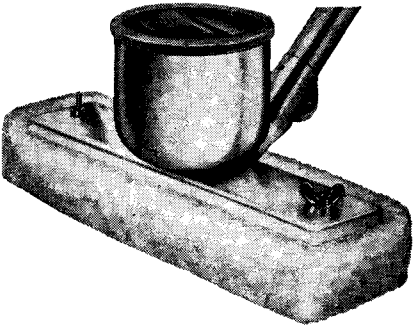

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*(Continued on page 16)*



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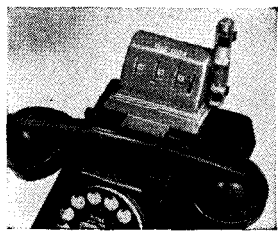

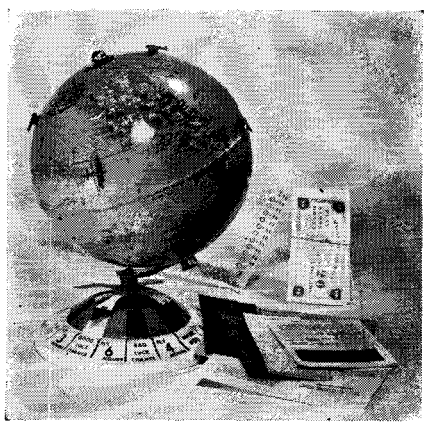

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**OF INTEREST TO READERS OF PRODUCTS ON PARADE:**

In next month's issue of Coronet, a new advertising section will make its first appearance, the Coronet Family Shopper. It will include small non-display advertisements offering merchandise and services of specific interest to Coronet readers. Mail-order advertisers interested in participating in this new section may address their inquiries to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.



Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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# The ELECTRONIC SNOOPERS

***In the hands of ruthless eavesdroppers these devilish "ears" can spy on you anywhere, make you "say" things you never said . . . and no law can stop them***

*by* IRWIN ROSS

SIX YEARS AGO, in a frightening novel called "1984," George Orwell pictured a nightmarish society of the future. In it there was no freedom, no privacy. People had become mere robots manipulated by Big Brother, the dictator, through a monstrous television camera that could spy on every home.

Orwell's predictions seem to be coming true sooner than he anticipated. We still don't have Big Brother's TV-spy in every room. But thanks to devilishly ingenious new "electronic eavesdropping" devices conversations can be secretly recorded in your home; or while you are driving your car, using a phone booth, sitting in a boat in the middle of a lake, or at work.

During a strike at a New York nightclub not long ago, an agreement on wages was worked out by



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lawyers representing the owner and the union after lengthy haggling.

"Fine," said the union delegates when it was presented to them. "But we won't accept it until the microphone comes out of the men's room." The owner flatly refused, complaining, "How else can I make sure that the help doesn't loaf on the job?"

He gave in, finally, but not before he had inadvertently revealed that he also had a mike planted in the ladies' lounge—to collect tidbits of gossip for Broadway columnists.

More recently, a couple met in a Chicago restaurant to discuss details of a divorce. The wife's alimony demands were exorbitant, and the husband said so. The argument became heated.

In the midst of it the wife began taunting him with veiled hints of romantic indiscretions on her part. Stung, the husband retaliated with a somewhat exaggerated account of his own extramarital exploits.

At that, the lady picked up her handbag and gloves from the table and flounced out. But there was a smile on her face as she taxied to her lawyer's office.

"I got it," she told him, opening her bag and handing him the Minifon—a miniature wire recorder—which had been whirring away silently during the luncheon as it took down every word of the conversation.

Her lawyer, after some skillful tampering, replayed her husband's confessions of infidelity to *his* lawyer—and won her a substantial settlement.

The Minifon is only one of many new eavesdropping devices. Another is a tiny radio transmitter, the size of a pack of cigarettes, which can be hidden behind the baseboard in your bedroom and will broadcast every word spoken there for a year.

With a contact microphone costing $25 or less, and a hearing aid, your apartment-house neighbor can be an uninvited guest at will. Or, with a $6 induction coil and the same hearing aid, he can often listen in on your phone line. Private detectives, business firms and government agents are making increasing use of them all. Frequently, the object is to put criminals behind bars. But often, too, it is to filch trade secrets or collect unsavory data for blackmail.

The Minifon has been with us only since 1952, when it was introduced from Germany. Although it measures a mere $1\frac{3}{8}$x$4\frac{3}{8}$x$6\frac{5}{8}$ inches, it can record up to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours of conversation on its tiny spool of wire.

Apart from ladies' handbags, it can be carried in a shoulder holster, a pouch under the belt or an outsize pants pocket. Pickup is usually by way of a tiny microphone concealed in a wrist watch, with the necessary wiring running up the operator's sleeve. It costs under $250.

About the only protection against these little monsters is to search every stranger who comes near you. For the recorders have a devilish capacity not only to pick up an indiscreet remark but to make an innocent one sound like something else again.

Suppose, for example, you said, "I *never* cheat the tax collector. I *always* report every item of my income."

This can easily be "poured off" the Minifon onto a conventional



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tape recorder, the tape cut and rearranged, then the altered remarks re-recorded onto the Minifon.

Thus, by means of this tampering process known as "editing," you have been made to say, "I *always* cheat the tax collector. I *never* report every item of my income."

ONE OF THE GREATEST boons to eavesdroppers since the invention of the keyhole is the miniature radio transmitter made possible by the post-war development of tiny vacuum tubes. One type, little bigger than a king-size pack of cigarettes, operates on a hearing-aid battery that will run for 12 hours. Concealed in a vase or wastebasket, it will pick up conversation in a room and broadcast it for a distance of three city blocks, or several miles in open country.

Another model, slightly larger, can be hooked up to the power line in the small recess behind a conventional double baseboard electric light socket and will transmit continuously until its tubes wear out.

The miniature radio transmitter was the brainchild of an electronics engineer named Kenneth H. Schmidt. Shortly after World War II, he set up Research Products, Inc., in Danbury, Connecticut, and started to manufacture miniature surveillance gadgets for Federal agencies. He now sells to state and city police forces as well, but not, he says, to private detectives. Others do, however, and, in addition, a number of investigators manufacture their own equipment.

The miniature transmitter is easier to install than the old-fashioned concealed microphone, for there is no wiring. And, if it is inadvertently discovered, the victim cannot trace the wires back to the eavesdropper or his recording equipment.

The late Serge Rubinstein had a tiny transmitter secreted under the bed of one of his girl friends. Outside, some distance away, sat a detective in a car, monitoring her private life over a portable FM receiver. When the story appeared in the newspapers, after Rubinstein's death, the lady hardly seemed dismayed. "I guess every one now knows my bed squeaks," she said.

Two years ago, a Schmidt transmitter was used in one of the country's biggest dope-peddling cases. The assistant U. S. attorney in charge had the cooperation of two ex-dope pushers, Nellie Leach and her boy friend, Herbert Johnson. In jail awaiting trial on another charge, they were let out to make contact with Randolph "Catfish" Turner, a heroin wholesaler. Each was fitted out with a small transmitter: Nellie had hers in the lining of her purse, and Johnson's was in the inside pocket of his coat.

A sound truck disguised as a delivery van trailed the trio as they drove around in Catfish's car and finally landed in a night club. Over the strains of the music came Catfish's voice, spilling enough evidence to send him to prison.

The Federal Communications Commission has control only over transmitters of signal strengths above a certain level; those below this level are not under its control. Snoopers favor the latter type. While FCC monitors try to spot stronger stations operating illegally, a shortage of manpower permits many to escape detection.

Another eavesdropping gadget is



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the line-carrier transmitter, which sends its signal over the electric power line rather than through the air. It is picked up anywhere in the neighborhood merely by plugging a receiver into a socket. These tiny devices can be concealed in a radio, a lamp, or other electric fixtures.

The induction coil is even easier to use. A simple type, attached to a suction cup, can be quickly fastened to the telephone booth wall nearest a victim's phone and both sides of the conversation picked up through a hearing aid.

A clamp-type coil will pick up a conversation if attached anywhere on a telephone line. All an eavesdropper need do is find his victim's line, where it is exposed in a corridor, cellar or rooftop, and he's in business.

If he can get next door to his victim, the problem is much simpler. With a contact microphone (price $21.50 and up) attached to the wall, he can listen in through a hearing aid on everything that is said in the next room. With luck, he may also pick up conversations all over the house.

The current revolution in eavesdropping has also affected old-fashioned wire-tapping. Here the standard method has long been to tap in at one of the "bridging points" where subscribers' lines converge before they get to the telephone exchange. Inasmuch as there may be four or five bridging points before the exchange is reached, it is an arduous task to search the whole route to discover a tap. But it can be done.

Today, however, there are ways to make invisible taps. One is to place an induction coil in the wall between the terminal posts. A cursory examination will show up no tap wires. Even simpler is to make a tap using conductive paint, which carries current like a wire but is invisible.

There is now practically no place where you are completely safe from the electronic eavesdropper. A transmitter can be hidden under the dashboard of your car with the receiving set in another vehicle close behind. If you try to have a secret conversation in a rowboat in the middle of a lake, you can still be overheard.

Here the parabolic microphone comes into use—a mike set in a reflector and aimed by a telescopic gun sight. In open country, it will pick up conversations 300 yards away, and can be concealed in bushes or behind a sheet of black muslin in a truck.

Moreover, visual surveillance is now possible, thanks to the recent development of closed-circuit TV. The camera is small and can be placed behind a curtain or a fake mirror. Operation could hardly be simpler.

A department store concerned with thieving employees, for instance, bought a single unit, shifting the camera at night from one department to another whenever unusual shortages occurred. In another case, a garment manufacturer installed four cameras at different stages of the production line, with the monitor in the plant manager's office. A flick of the control knob allowed him to observe almost every employee in the plant.

The camera can even see in the dark. Recently, an RCA warehouse on the West Coast was troubled by



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large thefts. So an "Eye" was set up behind a truck platform, and the area bathed in infra-red rays—so-called "black light."

That night, the thieves appeared, opened a platform door and started loading tubes. The cop at the monitor alerted a cruise car which followed them to another warehouse where they were apprehended.

OUR PRESENT LAWS provide no effective defenses against electronic eavesdropping. The TV Eye is perfectly legal in most states; so are hidden microphones.

Planting a "bug" on someone else's premises may of course involve illegal entry—unless a ruse has been employed to get in. But the act of bugging is not in itself enjoined by any law, except in Massachusetts. Nor are transcriptions made by hidden recorders illegal.

Only wire-tapping is prohibited by Federal law. But there has been only one conviction. The Government has frankly been reluctant to prosecute, for Federal agents themselves tap wires without any clear authority to do so. Evidence so obtained, however, is inadmissible in Federal courts.

On the state level, the situation is more confused. Most states prohibit wire-tapping, but allow its evidence in court. Only New York has a provision for legal tapping by court order. In all states, however, arrests for wire-tapping are infrequent.

Clearly, the laws require urgent revision. A sub-committee of the House Judiciary Committee has recently been holding hearings on several bills, one of which would legalize wire-tapping in certain restricted Federal cases—like espionage and kidnapping—and penalize it severely elsewhere. By removing the suspicion that the Government is itself doing something illegal, it will make it possible for the Justice Department to crack down on offenders.

Judiciary Committee Chairman Emmanuel Celler has also called for a Federal prohibition of electronic eavesdropping. But there is considerable constitutional question over whether the Government could legislate here. However, the states certainly could.

Unfortunately, even grimmer prospects lie ahead. Not only can the import of conversation be changed by editing a wire recording, but it will soon be possible to fabricate a conversation completely. The gadget which will do this—called the Synthesizer—was unveiled by RCA early in the year. So far, it can synthesize—by purely electronic means—the sounds that make up a piano solo, a hillbilly band or a 110-piece symphony orchestra.

Experiments to synthesize human voices have lagged somewhat, but already the engineers believe they can produce a fake aria by Caruso that is indistinguishable from the real thing.

Even Orwell did not visualize this!

If there's anything I can't stand it's pedestrians. Why don't they get cars like everybody else and defend themselves? —EVE ARDEN

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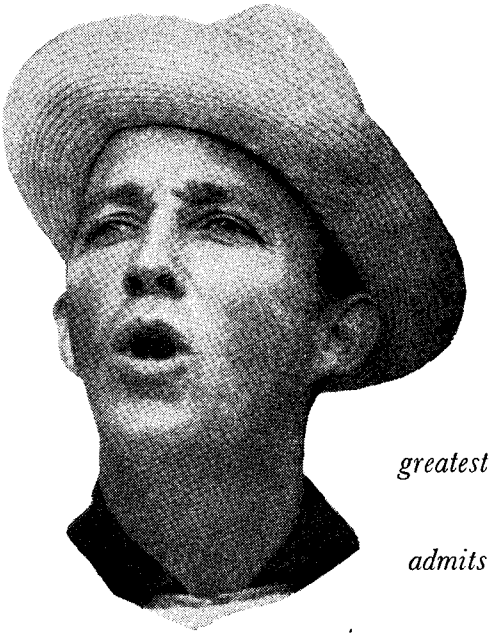

*Son Gary may become the greatest rival his father has ever had —but the King of Crooners admits he has only himself to blame*

# My Competition Has a Crew Cut

*by* BING CROSBY

THAT FIRST SMALL damp bundle of joy that arrived in our family on June 27, 1933, has now come of age. It has a blond crew cut and has gained 30 times its own weight, reckoning by the long ton. Its voice has dropped a few octaves and is under much better control.

The swaddling clothes have changed into a loud checked sports jacket. It wears cowboy boots instead of tootsie sandals. It gets around in a Mercury coupé that it bought with its own money—rather than the secondhand perambulator I bought on the installment plan.

I'm talking about my No. 1 Son —in age, that is—Gary Evan Crosby. He was named for Gary Cooper, a long-legged podner who



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was going thataway in pictures when I had met him three years before Gary appeared. Coop is Gary's godfather and one of my best friends.

In his teething years, I used to lull Gary bye-bye by humming the hit tune of those days, *Down the Old Ox Road*—a song that I sang in a rambunctious picture called "College Humor." I think I can reliably blame my thinned-out locks on the years since—when he has tried to put me to sleep, after hours, by crooning something like, *So Help Me, Pop, I Didn't Know It Was So Late.*

Until this appears, Gary won't know how I worry over him. He thinks that because I took his car away from him at Stanford University, made him herd cattle and pitch hay on the ranch at Elko, Nevada, and locked him out at night when he came home at an indecent hour—he thinks I did all this with a sternly serene conscience.

Well, I did. And I felt good about it. But lately I worry about Gary as crooner competition. The boy has made good. He has also accumulated enough weight and gristle so that I'm a little reluctant to shuffle into the spanking bit.

But as long as I have access to the public prints, I feel that I can get even. After all, I have only myself to blame for his musical delinquency.

The boys and I used to like to harmonize of an evening sometimes. We used to serenade the Beverly Hills neighborhood with Christmas carols. And for about five years, we staged an annual radio performance for a certain broadcasting system.

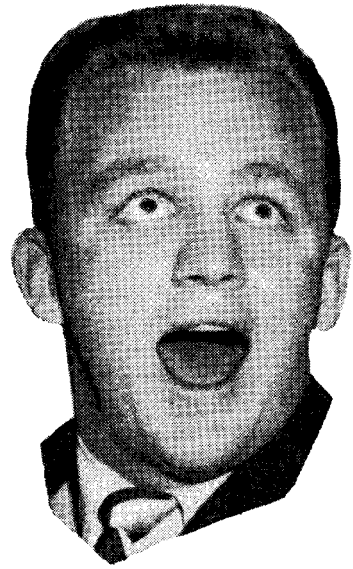
In 1952, the boys and I put together a collection of records for an album on the same jolly season. I told them: "The profits from this waxed proceeding will be split none for me, all for you—and be tucked away in trust funds for you to mull over until you're of age."

This appeared to go to Gary's vocal chords. He commenced developing a style and a voice that had more than a twinge of recall for me.

Besides serviceable pipes, it seems he has inherited from his old man:

(1) An unpredictable boiling point. I recall once heaving a leg of lamb at my brother Larry when I was 18—over some argument at the dinner table. Gary has the same tendency to spout steam at the ears, usually over some job that he has to do on the ranch.

We merely inform him: "Gary, your chops are blushing." Luckily,





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*"Gary has taken on a good bit of the Crosby trademark —plus something else that the old man never had. . . ."*

he has a sense of humor so this denatures his mood.

(2) A yen for, shall we say, unusual clothes. I have been accused of looking like a cross between an Irish race tout and a costermonger on holiday. Gary has the ability to look as if his clothes were poured over him, with the surplus around his ankles.

But the voice is what puts me like a shot. Some of my best friends have cocked an ear and opined judiciously that his tones at this stage are better than mine ever were. Sometimes I am inclined to agree. The boy is a little leaky on the high ones but he sure belts the middle range. And he seems to possess a bit of vocal style that may advance his career.

I sent out an inquiring spy the other day, while my eldest was going through his radio paces, to quiz the lines of customers.

My pollster noted with astonishment that while Gary had a fair sprinkling of teen-agers, he also had a large collection of people my age or better—in their dotage, as the world goes.

"Why have you come to hear this kid?" he asked them.

The average answer ran like this: "We think Bing did all right. We want to see and hear his kid." At least that was the way my tactful hired hand reported it back.

I've tried to make Gary see the light like any other father, but he usually goes his own way. When it came time for college, Stanford, being in the area, appealed to him and he decided he wanted to go there. I begged him to consider Santa Clara, my own favorite.

"I like Stanford better," he said.

The same thing happened when he was corralled for singing on wax. I own some stock in Decca, so naturally I do all my carolling for them.

"I'd be mighty happy if you signed with Decca," I said, "but go where you get the best deal."

He kept everyone on their toes until the last minute—and Columbia Records thought they had him roped. But he broke formation and joined Decca anyway.

Once, long ago, I told Gary that he'd better get a barrel to keep his money in. That was when he learned how to sing *Simple Melody*, a tune that Groucho Marx, Irving Berlin (who wrote it) and I used to close up on.

The boy and I recorded that with *Sam's Song*—putting on the label for a gag, "Gary Crosby & Friend." Hot cakes should sell the way it did—and a few fans, jokingly of course, wrote Gary to ask who his "friend" was.

Now I say to him: "Just make the record and jump back out of the way of the cash."

Whether this will go to his head or not, I have no idea. My early days went to mine: I quit Paul



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Whiteman because I was too big for my britches back in 1928. I lucked it through from then on. I'm trying to surround Gary with the same talent that pulled me to the top—guys like my producer and writer Bill Morrow, and Sonny Burke, West Coast musical director of Decca.

Thank the Lord, Gary is still naïve enough to accept things as they come. I recall one rehearsal where the kid was being pushed around by well-meaning helpers and he sang out: "Will somebody kindly tell me where I'll be five minutes from now?"

I've occasionally been forced to step in and act like a benevolent corporal with the boy. I think it's fine that he's in radio and recording, and I'm willing to help him all I can. But he's too young and unseasoned for TV; let him get a little poise and confidence and he can open up as much as he wants.

I turned down a four-figure offer for him to appear in a one-shot comedy TV show. I nixed Paramount on their idea of starring him in a movie. But he's on his own now, and these are the recollections of an ex-dictator.

To tell the truth, I had a mild idea that they were trying to capitalize not on Gary's faint charms, but asking the kid to succeed on his old man's feeble name. I didn't think it was fair. I still don't.

That summer of 1954 was the first he hadn't worked on the Nevada ranch from four in the morning until sunset. It was the first that he had his own car and that he got as much as $25 a week spending money out of the half-million or so I have squirreled away for him. So he jumps out of the wild haystack and into a wild 13 weeks in radio and a set of personal-appearance tours in the East.

The result? He wanted to quit Stanford and cash in on the merry-go-round while it was whirling.

I didn't think this was an adult reaction and I told him so. I had made my first big mistake by giving him a car when he went to Stanford. This, together with the goo ladled out by acquaintances in the area—I won't say friends—nearly made him flunk out his second year.

I took away the car, promised him a fine job in the L.A. street maintenance department and used my best pear-shaped tones to denounce everything he had done. Luckily he saw my point, and the next quarter made a very good showing and survived.

HE STARTED to retrogress to a freshman when he was a senior and I took the same stance: he was going to stay in Stanford until he got his diploma. But—he quit, anyway, with six months to go.

After that, Gary is a big boy. And maybe he can support me if the public won't.

Gary is the only one of the four I sponsored to run me ragged in my own field. He was after me at 17.

"Pop," he said that year, "when can I cut my first record?"

"When are you going to get better math marks?" I wanted to know.

He looked glum but he did haul himself up a notch or two and I relented enough to let him record in two years. The critics thought his patter and singing were good—but one of the boys griped: "I don't think Gary sings any better than any



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of us. I just think he sings louder."

If, among my offspring, Lindsay is the introvert, Philip and Dennis the twin medium-verts, then Gary is the out-sized vert. I think he will succeed in the particular line of entertainment he has cut out for himself. Relaxation is a good bit of the Crosby trademark. It's something I had to learn the hard way. But it's essential to showmanship. Gary has to have it if he's going to the top—and I think he is. Personally, I've taken out membership in the Gary Crosby Fan Club.

Come to think of it, Gary has something that his old man never had: a tutor for the toots. Besides majoring in drama and speech (See what he's shooting for? None of that boo-boo-boo-boo stuff.), Gary also got a four-week run-through with a voice coach before his 13 weeks on CBS-Radio. This is a claim that no other crooner can make about his son.

What this all comes down to, I suppose, is that I don't want Gary to take the easy way around or the fast way up. He's being apprenticed in a profession that has been good to me. I want him to stay at the top a long time—and slow and easy does it.

Already Gary is in good company. He's done some strutting and singing with Satchmo Armstrong and his trumpet for records. Now, I hear, he's been on TV and a two-week theater tour with Armstrong. I gave him a little kickoff in the Jack Benny TV show.

From there on out he's responsible for his own career. I'd advise him to watch those movie offers that he's getting every day pretty carefully—but by the time this advice gets to him, Gary is liable to have finished one and be wading in box-office profits.

He'll have his disappointments. So will I. We were both hung up when he didn't make the grade for the Stanford football team. He got as far as the frosh varsity and ran into a separated shoulder that threw him for a loss and an operation to boot. So I let him skip the scrimmages. I felt let down when he didn't stick for the four-year ordeal. But we'll both survive.

The scrimmages of singing will be about the same for him as for me. You have to develop your own style, keep working on it, and have friends smart enough and unselfish enough to give you good steers.

After that, it's all luck. I used to say my career was half luck; then I got up to 75 per cent. These days, I'm in favor of increasing the percentage. And throwing in the ability to kid yourself. That's Gary's biggest inheritance from me.

I hope Gary does much better than his father. If he does, I'll retire and collect for handling his publicity. Whatever he does, though, he'll always have me rooting for him. I've been his top booster ever since we gathered around the piano when he was ten—and he hit his first flat note on *Down by the Old Mill Stream.*

THERE ARE TWO KINDS of people at every party: those who want to leave early and those who don't, and the trouble is, they're married to each other. —*Central of Georgia Magazine*

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*The reasons, modern science finds, are surprising and seldom flattering*

*by* WALTER HENRY NELSON

YOU TELL YOUR WIFE you had to work late at the office when in reality you played poker. The next night at a party, one of the players indelicately mentions the poker game. Your wife disintegrates you with a withering glance and you dilate. Or, in plainer terms, you blush.

Blushing is a phenomenon which dates back to the day the god Jupiter revealed himself to the beautiful and bashful Europa in the Dictean Cave. Since then, poets have hailed the blush as a sign of modesty and virtue, though satirist Jonathan Swift called it "a virtue but at second hand," adding that "they blush because they understand." Benjamin Whichcote, in 1753, remarked: "No man blushes in the dark." And he was probably right.

While medical science has long known the mechanics of blushing, it has only recently been able to explain why this reaction occurs. The reasons aren't flattering.

For instance, you've just been withered by that wifely glance. Remember? It's unpleasant and your discomfort is immediately apparent to the thinking part of your brain, the cerebral cortex, which flashes an impulse to the hypothalamus, the center of the autonomic nervous system which regulates your heartbeat, glandular secretions and the muscles in your blood vessels.

This sets off an irritation which causes your blood vessels to dilate or widen, forcing more blood through to the facial capillaries. There are hundreds of these on every square inch of the skin of your face and neck. Result: you blush.

Simultaneously, your autonomic nervous system causes your hands

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and feet to turn white and cold. You're hot in the face and cold in the feet and you feel foolish. This reddened face is erythrophobia, the medical term for blushing.

Modern science points out that we blush for other reasons besides discomfort. We blush at what we think we ought to blush at. We also blush at things that may be very much on our minds.

The young bride who blushes at references to the bridal chamber may look demure, but the chances are that she has her nuptial night very much on her mind. There's even a chance she wants others to know it, without saying as much.

It is obvious that you can't blush at a naughty joke if you don't understand it. So, if ignorance is a sign of innocence, then we know that the blusher isn't quite as naive as he'd like us to think.

ANOTHER MISCONCEPTION is that blushers are embarrassed at being caught at whatever they're blushing about. That may be true in an elementary sort of way, but not if we look deeper. Psychosomatic medicine holds that the face is "an organ of expression," and by its very exposure it frequently reveals what goes on inside us.

The blush, therefore, is a symptom of deep unconscious alarm which we may want to bring to our own personal attention as well as to the attention of others. In such cases, we experience a sense of guilt and we want others to know it—possibly to punish ourselves more. In psychological language, our blush is both masochistic (self-punishing) and exhibitionistic (exhibited to others).

Dr. Albert Ellis, prominent New York psychotherapist, points out that different moral standards can cause people to have different reasons for blushing. A pretty American girl probably wouldn't blush if her fiancé held her hand in public. But in Japan, the situation might well be different. In public baths there, both sexes mingle without embarrassment, but the slightest show of affection in public is thought disgraceful.

As everyone knows, some of us blush more easily than others. Those of us who blush readily are likely to feel more unsure of ourselves, the world around us and our place in it. We have, in medical terms, a low threshold for transferring mental stimuli into bodily reaction.

There are times during which many people are highly prone to blushing, for largely physical reasons. This occurs when our bodies' delicate glandular balance is upset, as in menopause. Eventually, the balance is restored and the surplus irritants, which cause our autonomic nervous system to make us blush excessively, cease flowing.

Infrequent blushing would show that we're a little too hard-boiled and insensitive. If nothing else, we ought to blush at the fact that very little makes us blush.

But, largely, it is the chronic blushers who are to be pitied. They are too dependent on the good opinion of others, too unsure of themselves and how they "fit in," and just a little too afraid of doing something "wrong."

And, let's face it, rules were made to be broken, at least some of them. Just so we don't do anything we have to blush about.



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A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

# *What's in a Name?*

**"PLENTY!" says Jack Barry, emcee of the quiz show "Life Begins at 80" (Du Mont Television Network, Sunday 9:30 to 10:00 P.M. EDST). In the column on the left, Quizmaster Barry places surnames of famous people which can also be found in the celebrity surnames in the *right* column. For example: a) Jenny LIND appears in b) Charles LINDbergh. Can you distinguish the distinguished? (Answers on page 107.)**

## Their Names . . . . are part . . . . of Their Names

1. a) His invention made sewing easy
   b) He directed D Day
2. a) Court organist at first, he became the master of the fugue
   b) He has become the master of light opera
3. a) He painted the 'Laughing Cavalier'
   b) He built the Panama Canal
4. a) His was a 'Paradise Lost' and one 'Regained'
   b) To him we owe the Treasury Department
5. a) He was the 'First Father'
   b) He made rhymed long-range predictions
6. a) He's been known as 'The Terrible'
   b) World's Heavyweight Champion 'The Boston Strong Boy'
7. a) He went to the 'Magic Mountain' and found a best-selling story
   b) His hand permanently injured, he became a great composer instead of a pianist
8. a) His puns make American radio and movie fans laugh
   b) His philosophy was most pessimistic
9. a) He discovered the laws of heredity
   b) 'Elijah' and 'Sons Without Words' are his
10. a) He 'rings' in millions of ears
    b) In 1888 he was 'Looking Backward' to the year 2000
11. a) He was the first 'Second Son'
    b) Héloïse's love letters to him made him immortal
12. a) He committed history's most famous fraternal fraud before he was known by this name
    b) As Prime Minister, he promoted Queen Victoria's coronation as Empress of India
13. a) His cartoons scoff at present world policy
    b) His genius compared with that of Shakespeare. He was killed in a brawl at 29
14. a) He once was the youngest Foreign Secretary since 1851
    b) Scandinavian scientist and inventor who later became one of the best-known mystics of his time
15. a) He was lend-lease co-ordinator and FDR's closest adviser
    b) Poet, composer, artist, he also was a signer of the Declaration of Independence
16. a) Italian physicist who gave his name to a unit of electrical pressure
    b) French philosopher and satirist who became a close friend of Frederick the Great



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*Natural talent and the ability to sell sincerity have made Eddy Arnold the king of country singers*



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# TENNESSEE'S SINGING PLOWBOY

*by* JOHN S. WILSON

EARLY THIS YEAR a skeptically curious woman wormed her way into a packed auditorium in Washington, D. C., to find out why it was so full. The reason, she discovered, was a handsome, square-jawed six-footer in an open-throated sport shirt and slacks who strummed a guitar and sang about love, disappointment, sorrow and faith.

The audience listened with eager, almost hypnotic attention. After a ballad about ingratitude, a spectator stood up and burst into tears.

"It's absolutely amazing," the woman told a friend later. "When he sings, they really believe it."

This ability to communicate belief through his songs has helped Eddy Arnold sell 30,000,000 records in the past ten years, and rise from plowhand in a sharecropping family to the 90 per cent income tax bracket.

Arnold is an unusual figure among country singers, a group of performers whose Mecca is Nashville, Tennessee, and who are sometimes known, inaccurately, as folk singers and sometimes, not quite so inaccurately, as hillbilly singers.

In general, they are inclined to exaggerate their country mannerisms and sing in nasal tones. But not Arnold. He appears as he actually is—neatly turned out, assured, well-spoken. His singing is equally straightforward and natural.

"There are others who sing as smoothly as Eddy does," an authority on country singers has observed, "but none of them gets across that sincerity. You see, sincerity is the most important part of country music."

Arnold is the first singer who has risen to the top of the country field with a style that has an appeal far beyond that limited area. As summer television replacement for Dinah Shore, he turned in audience ratings that were sometimes higher than either Miss Shore's or those of the singer who alternated in his time slot, Eddie Fisher.

He has had his own network TV show and has appeared on radio and TV with such disparate personalities as Miss Frances of "Ding Dong School" fame, and Tallulah Bankhead. None of his records has



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sold less than 200,000; six of them have gone over the 1,000,000 mark.

"The thing that pleases me," Arnold says, "is that even while real country people like me, there are so many others who come up to me and say, 'I never liked your kind of music before but I like you and I have your records at home.' "

His repertoire covers a wide range—country ballads, rhythm and novelty numbers, pop songs, religious songs and even children's songs, some of which he has recorded with his nine-year-old daughter, Jo Ann.

Some of his most avid followers are singers outside the country field. Eddie Fisher, Perry Como and Bing Crosby have had great success with songs originally introduced by Arnold. Eddie Fisher, in fact, got his theme, *Anytime*, from an Arnold recording.

Arnold's ability to reach out beyond the usual limitations of country singing is partly due to the fact that he has a "natural" musical voice.

"He just naturally sings right," says Steve Sholes, an RCA Victor executive who has supervised most of Arnold's recording sessions. "It's an unusual quality. Caruso had it, and so has Bing Crosby, but they're the only ones I can think of besides Eddy."

But there is more to Arnold's success than a natural talent. He is a notoriously hard worker. When he has a recording date coming up, he literally goes into training. For at least two weeks beforehand he refuses all bookings, gives up his customary one cocktail before dinner, abandons even his haphazard smoking habits, gets up early to work on the farm outside Nashville where he lives in a modest rambling house with his wife and two children, and is in bed every night by nine.

Arnold is equally meticulous in picking the material he will record. He insists a song be exactly right for him or he won't use it.

"I like a simple ballad where the lyrics lay it right on the line," he says. "I want it to move me. And I'll admit that sometimes I'm pretty hard to move."

Arnold is proud of the fact that every record he has made is still in the active catalog, a practically unheard-of feat. He has maintained this standard by taking a perfectionist's attitude toward his work.

In 1947, he recorded a song called *This Is the Thanks I Get*. But he wasn't completely satisfied with it, so it was set aside. During the next seven years he recorded the song five more times before he got a take that he considered good enough to release. It was one of his biggest hits.

UNTIL QUITE RECENTLY, Eddy was advertised as "The Tennessee Plowboy." It was a completely legitimate title. He was born 37 years ago on a farm near Henderson, a small town in western Tennessee, the youngest of four children.

Officially he was Richard Edward Arnold, but he became "Eddy" when he reached the big-time.

His father, a moderately successful dirt farmer, was a break-down fiddle player who also sang bass in church, and his mother knew enough music to teach him chords on the guitar. By the time he was nine, Eddy was huffing square dance music on a harmonica and pounding a guitar as he sang the songs he heard Jimmy Rodgers and



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Carson Robinson doing on records.

When Eddy was 11, his father died and the farm had to be sold at auction. Eddy and his two older brothers, who were 18 and 20, wound up as sharecroppers on the land their father had once owned. For a while, it seemed as though Eddy would be behind a plow forever.

"I kept dreaming of getting away from that plow," he recalls. "If I hadn't hated it so much, I might still be a sharecropper. But I kept kind of shifting around and looking for little jobs on the side. I even cut timber for a while—and that's a lot harder than farm work."

At 19, he wangled a job on a radio station in Jackson, Tennessee, where he was on the air every morning for an hour "singing and banging a guitar."

After a year, he graduated to a Memphis station and $13 a week for a daily show. But this dizzy success lasted only two weeks: he wasn't good enough for Memphis.

He moved on to St. Louis where he teamed up with a violinist named Howard McNatt on another early morning radio show. The pay, as usual, was practically nil. But the fact that they were on radio enabled Arnold and McNatt to book themselves at clubs. These dates paid better: one to two dollars a night.

"Nobody even knew I was around," Eddy says. "I was just a meek little country boy who came in, did his show and got out."

But St. Louis proved to be a turning point. He began to realize how little he really knew about singing and started practicing seriously and purposefully for the first time.

When he felt he was ready to tackle the capital of country music —Nashville—he wrote to Pee Wee King, whose Golden West Cowboys were one of the top attractions on Nashville's leading radio show, Grand Ol' Opry. King added him to his band and for the next three and a half years Arnold toured a circuit of one-nighters, auctions and theaters, with regular appearances on Grand Ol' Opry.

While the Golden West Cowboys were wintering in Louisville in 1941, Arnold met a bright-eyed brunette named Sally Gayhart who was clerking in a five-and-ten-cent store. They were married later that year.

"She was making more money than I was," Arnold recalls, "but I was too proud to let her know."

Two years later, in Nashville, Arnold struck out on his own. Harry Stone, then manager of station WSM, offered him some morning shows and a spot on Grand Ol' Opry on Saturday nights.

"Grand Ol' Opry wasn't anything new to me," Arnold recalls. "But that first night when I went out by myself, nothing but me and that guitar, I was scared to death. I sang a number called *A Sinner's Prayer* and I reckon they felt sorry for me—I got an encore first thing, the first encore I'd ever gotten. Afterwards, I walked backstage and sat down and cried."

His acceptance as a star sent Arnold off on a grueling schedule of one-night stands which continued for more than three years.

One of his first moves was to change his stage costume.

"Most of the country talent I'd seen wore loud cowboy clothes," he says. "I mean really loud, with



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Christmas trees all over them. I wondered what I'd tell anyone who asked me if I was a cowboy. So when I left Pee Wee, I took off those cowboy clothes and changed to an open collar and slacks. I knew that if I wore simple clothes I wasn't saying I was a cowboy when I knew I wasn't."

Shortly after this, Fred Foster, a Chicago music publisher, noticed that every time Arnold sang a Foster song on WSM, orders immediately started coming in. Foster was so impressed that he recommended Arnold to Victor Records, who promptly signed him.

Early in 1945, his first record came out—a morbid opus called *Mommy Please Stay Home with Me.* Some 85,000 copies were sold in a month and a half.

The following year Arnold had his first big hit record, *That's How Much I Love You*, one of the first country tunes to be picked up and recorded by most of the top singers in the pop field. The record sold 650,000 copies in its first year and is now nearing the million and a half mark. Following this success with other over-a-million records—*Bouquet of Roses; Anytime; It's a Sin; I'll Hold You in My Heart*—Arnold was established as a top attraction in the country field.

Recently, in a deliberate effort to cultivate an even wider audience, he has recorded his first pop songs with Hugo Winterhalter's 18-piece orchestra, the first time a country singer has had this kind of musical backing; and he has completed 26 half-hour films for a TV series called "Eddy Arnold Time," designed to appeal to both country and popular music audiences. The film series will be on 150 stations this fall, including outlets in Alaska and Nova Scotia.

His sudden rise has scarcely touched Arnold's personality. He has no big head, no temperament.

In private, he appears shy, even reticent, except when he is among very intimate friends. He is still not quite adjusted to his first Cadillac.

He has a farmer's urge to acquire land. Three years ago, his wife, an interested collector of antiques and curios, took him with her to the auctioning of an old farm. She found nothing to add to her collection, but the farm itself was a terrific bargain. So now Arnold owns it and has stocked it with 125 Hereford cattle. As Nashville expands, he shrewdly anticipates that his 107 acres will make valuable home sites.

The Arnolds and their two children—Jo Ann, nine, and Dickie, six—form a closely knit family group, and since 1947 Eddy has steadily cut down on his personal appearance tours so that he can spend more time with them.

Jo Ann and Dickie have been brought up to feel that their father has a job, exactly as other children's fathers have jobs. For her ninth birthday, Jo Ann invited some of her classmates to a party.

"Oh!" exclaimed one excited little girl. "I'd love to come to your house. Will your daddy sing?"

Reporting the incident to a young friend, Jo Ann remarked, "Really, isn't that silly?"

A WEDDING GIFT is usually accompanied by a note indicating who gave it; more helpful would be a note telling what it is.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



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# Human Comedy

A DETROIT WOMAN, police testified, drove her car into one operated by Allan Finnk and won a suspended sentence by explaining:

"This was the first time I had driven alone and my instructor said I was a perfect driver. But when I saw the other driver I got flustered."

"Why should he make you nervous?" asked the judge.

"Mr. Finnk," she said, "was my instructor." —*Behind the Wheel*

WHEN NEW PORT facilities were inaugurated at Aarhus, Denmark, King Christian X honored the occasion with his presence. All along the route of the royal car, school children waved banners and shouted. The sidewalks were swarming with them.

"My goodness," the King cried in wonder, "where do all these children come from?"

"Your Majesty," said the Mayor, "we have been preparing for this great day for years." —*The New York Times*

WHEN HIS TURN came, a young Marine "boot" from North Carolina entered the dentist's office at Parris Island Marine Base for a routine examination. It was his first visit to a dentist and he gazed fearfully at the shiny equipment. Finally, in a low-voiced drawl, he asked, "Suh, are you a Yankee?"

The dentist admitted his Ohio background and the boy turned desperately to the corpsman—who, it turned out, was also from Ohio. After another quick look at the frightening dental equipment the boy volunteered hopefully, "Ah'm a Yankee, too." —*The Log*

WHILE IN LONDON last year, my hostess was a delightfully proper English lady who had never been to the United States but whose conversation revealed some study of us. One evening while we were discussing how the Constitution evolved, she said, "I am a great admirer of Thomas Jefferson—and your country's motto," she paused and sighed, "is magnificent . . . 'Life, Liberty and the Happiness of Pursuit!'" —WILL HAYES

WHEN HUGH CULLEN announced his $5,000,000 gift to the University of Houston, the *Houston Chronicle* is supposed to have reported that he gave $15,000,000. Cullen called Jesse Jones, publisher of the *Chronicle*, so the story goes, and said, "Okay, Jesse, I'll make it fifteen, since you said so—but don't let it happen again!"

—*The Montrealer*

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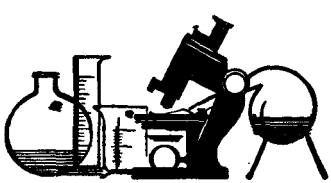
*A simple, recently discovered treatment now offers hope of parenthood to millions*

# Chemistry Is Curing STERILE MEN

*by* SELWYN JAMES



THE MARRIED MAN who for years has despaired of becoming a father can now look forward with more confidence than ever before to raising a family. For today, thanks to a new and effective treatment for male sterility developed by research doctors, many of the two million involuntarily childless husbands are offered an excellent chance of becoming parents.

Not long ago, working with medical scientists from the Schering Corporation, a leading U. S. producer of hormones, Professor Carl Heller of the University of Oregon discovered a method of increasing the number of active sperm cells a man's body manufactures at one time.

These millions of lively microscopic organisms contained in the semen of the normal male represent the key to his fertility. A low sperm output—the chief reason why most sterile men cannot achieve parenthood—has stubbornly resisted any definitive treatment until now.

The new therapy, which involves the use of a readily available hormone, is by no means a universal cure for all sterile men. But painstaking clinical testing has established beyond a doubt that the treatment, properly administered, boosts scanty sperm production in an astonishing number of cases.

In fact, among over 2,000 would-be fathers treated so far, a whopping 85 to 90 per cent are today normally fertile men, already a gratifying number of pregnancies has resulted, and the first crop of healthy babies has been born to men and women who had resigned



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themselves to the emptiness of childless marriage.

This new medical wonder is being achieved with a powerful drug, trade-named Oreton—a synthetic version of testosterone propionate, the male sex hormone. Discarded years ago as worthless in the treatment of sterility problems, testosterone today is becoming a major tool because of its strange, delayed reaction when given in controlled dosages to sterility cases which previously have failed to respond to other therapies.

Harry F. and his wife Mabel, for instance, had unsuccessfully sought parenthood ever since their marriage in 1949. On their fourth wedding anniversary they visited the fertility clinic of Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago, where exhaustive examinations and tests by Dr. Norris Heckel, the clinic's director, disclosed that Mabel, had normal child-bearing capacity.

Harry—a healthy, virile young man in all other respects—proved to be the sterile partner. Microscopic examination of his semen revealed that he lacked a sufficient number of sperm cells to insure impregnation of his wife's ovum, or egg—the cause of about half of all such childless marriages.

FORMERLY, doctors would have prescribed regular doses of Vitamin E and B-complex pills, a well balanced diet fortified with thyroid extracts and thyroxine, rest, and moderate exercise to build up Harry's general health. They would have suggested continence, in the hope of stimulating sperm production, and marital relations at the precise hours each month at which Mabel reached her maximum fertility. But even so, Harry's chances of becoming a father would have been slim indeed.

Yet less than ten months after that first visit to Presbyterian's clinic, Mabel discovered that she was going to have a baby. The miracle had been wrought by testosterone propionate.

The couple simply purchased Oreton by prescription from their local drugstore and Mabel, herself, injected Harry intramuscularly with 50 milligrams three times a week. There were no side effects, and the cost of a week's supply of hormone was a mere $1.50.

What actually had transformed Harry into a fertile husband capable now and in the future of fathering children?

Normally the male seed must contain at least 60,000,000 healthy, well-formed sperm cells to make conception possible, even though only a single sperm is needed to pierce the ovum and launch the process of reproduction. Pregnancies have been known to occur with the male sperm count as low as 10,000,000, or even less, but these are rare exceptions.

Harry's semen count was 15,000,000 sperm cells—far below the threshold of fertility, and pitiful when compared to the average fertile male's 150,000,000 to 500,000,000 count.

After six weeks of Oreton injections, his seminal inadequacy was depressed even further. In another week it was down to 2,000,000, and at the end of the second month of treatment there were no living sperms at all.

At that point the doctors stopped



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the injections, advised Mr. and Mrs. F. to continue a normal marital life—the treatment does not affect sexual potency—and instructed Harry to report to the clinic once a month with a semen specimen.

For three anxious months there was no change. Then, on the fourth examination, an odd thing had happened—doctors call it "rebound phenomena"—Harry's sperm count had suddenly jumped to 35,000,000. A month later it had skyrocketed to 180,000,000, well above the necessary count.

Harry and Mabel now have a son, born last January.

The discovery that controlled dosages of the testosterone hormone produces the life-giving "rebound phenomena" was made almost by chance.

A few years ago, a team of medical researchers from the Schering Corporation and the University of Oregon administered the drug to 46 human guinea pigs in Portland. Each of these men was utterly sterile, or at least subfertile; biopsies—tiny slivers of tissue snipped off for examination under a microscope—revealed defective testes.

The subjects were told that Oreton had worked wonders in correcting underdeveloped male physical characteristics, but was untried as a cure for sterility. The hope was that it would swiftly regenerate malformed testes, especially the tiny tubules that manufacture sperm cells.

That hope abruptly faded a month later when the researchers took fresh biopsies and semen analyses. The condition of the testes had worsened, with atrophy and sclerosis setting in. The tubules had shriveled and the sperm count was down to zero. The general health of the disappointed subjects was not affected, but it seemed they were further away from siring children than ever.

MONTHS PASSED, then Dr. Heller ran into one of the test subjects who'd dropped into the clinic to be treated for another ailment. On a hunch, he persuaded the patient to agree to another biopsy.

What he saw when he peered into the microscope left him trembling with excitement—a completely normal and healthy specimen of testicular tissue. All signs of atrophy and sclerosis formerly present had disappeared, and the tubules had increased to normal size.

The semen analysis told the final story. The sperm count was an amazing 210,000,000, about 25 times higher than the first examination showed months earlier.

What had brought about such an astounding recovery?

During the next month, Dr. Heller and his associates located and reexamined all the others who had taken part in the experiment. Every one had "rebounded."

Just as important, the quality of the sperms had improved tremendously. Under the microscope, their motility or vigor was easy to observe; the sperms moved agilely and remained alive as long as 24 hours.

The next step was to see if these astonishing results could be duplicated.

At the Presbyterian Hospital clinic, Dr. Heckel launched a small-scale experiment among men with abnormally low sperm counts who had been trying vainly to become



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***Too frequent sex activity is often the reason, rather than the cure for, male sterility***

fathers for periods up to seven years. He excluded men whose sterility was due to gross physical defects, to sperm-killing diseases like mumps or gonorrhea, and to conditions which called for surgery.

On his first patients, Dr. Heckel reported a success rate of 60 per cent. Today, after experimenting with dosages and eliminating men with defects that demand different treatment, he is making fatherhood possible for about nine out of ten husbands. More than 800 have passed through the clinic, and the first babies—"Oreton kids," the staff calls them—are gurgling in their cribs. Many family doctors also report success with "rebound phenomena."

RESEARCHERS have long puzzled over the delayed reaction of the drug. One of the country's leading endocrinologists believes that its effect is much the same as collapsing the lung of a tuberculosis patient. In both cases, total rest seems to give the malfunctioning organ an opportunity to recover.

Another physician who has pioneered in experimental testosterone therapy for sterile husbands puts it this way: "Rebound phenomena may be due to the fact that testosterone depresses the pituitary—the master gland of the body. In an effort to make a comeback it may overcompensate, thus stimulating sperm production."

Currently, Dr. Heller and his associates are investigating the disappointed 15 per cent who have failed to respond to the therapy. But even among these husbands the chances of fatherhood were not actually worsened—the rebound in every case brought their sperm counts back to pre-treatment levels.

Certainly, Oreton or any other powerful testosterone propionate won't help if venereal disease has ruined a man's sperm-producing mechanism, or where the delicate ducts through which the semen passes before ejaculation are obstructed. Surgery is the only hope to open blocked seminal ducts.

Moreover, borderline cases involving a moderately low sperm output are sometimes treated with conventional therapies if the doctor regards the ultimate chances of fatherhood fair without resorting to testosterone.

For example, many husbands are capable of fathering children despite a below-minimum sperm output—if they would pay greater attention to timing in their efforts to inseminate their wives.

Most conceptions occur between the 11th and 15th day after the beginning of the wife's menstrual period. That is when the ovum is being formed. Many would-be fathers try zealously to fertilize their wives during these four days. Yet they fail because they don't realize that too frequent sex activity is often the



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reason, rather than the cure, for male sterility.

Normally, intercourse lowers male fertility for a few hours, and although a highly fertile husband may engage in relations on several consecutive days before his supply of sperm cells decreases appreciably, a marginally fertile one loses what chance he has of paternity after the first act.

An abstinence of eight or nine days will usually restore his fertilizing power, but since the fully developed ovum lives only 24 hours or so, sex relations of subfertile couples must be meticulously regulated.

Fortunately, the fertility specialist can help the wife to fix the exact time of this vital 24-hour period. A rigid temperature-taking schedule is the favorite method. When the egg is ripe, a woman's temperature will register a slight drop—and the propitious moment for fertilization has arrived.

That is when the subfertile husband, having practiced continence to build up sperm output, is most likely to be successful.

If this fails, the doctor may recommend artificial insemination, using the husband's semen, *not a donor's.* The reproductive fluid is injected by syringe directly into the cervical canal or the uterus, where a subnormal number of sperms gets a better chance of fertilizing the waiting egg.

Failure with this technique is enough to make most doctors despair. But now testosterone treatment offers new hope. With it, physicians have already brought the joys of parenthood to hundreds of once-childless homes.

## Sports Car Roundup

MOST PEOPLE HAVE SEEN the big trucks with the arrows painted on the back, the left stating, "Passing Side," the right, "Suicide."

An addition was spotted recently on a Los Angeles freeway: an arrow in the middle pointing straight down stating simply: "Sports cars."

—J. A. KENNEDY

AN AMERICAN SCHOOLTEACHER rented a Renault, one of those little cars with the engine in the rear, for a tour of France. All went well until she stalled one day and lifted the hood to see what was the matter. As she stood there, staring down in bewilderment, another schoolteacher drove up in a similar Renault and asked what the trouble was.

"I've lost the whole motor!" the lady wailed.

"You're in luck," the other reassured her. "Fortunately I seem to have an extra one in my trunk." —*Executives' Digest*

A SMALL FOREIGN sports car purring smoothly along suddenly leaped into the air, came down, went a short distance, leaped into the air—down again, up again. A startled traffic cop signalled the driver to stop.

"What's the matter with this car?" he demanded.

"N-nothing, sir," said the driver. "I have the hiccups."—SHEILA DALE MARKS



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# A Girl's World

*by* Louis Redmond

There are millions of twelve-year-olds in the world. One of them is Barbara. She is a small girl with brown hair and dark eyes, and with a cast of features that is sometimes plain and at other times gives promise of great beauty. She lives in a medium-sized American city. In some ways, Barbara is like all other twelve-year-old girls, and in some ways she is like nobody but herself. This is the story of how she journeyed through an important year in her life—a journey made by girls everywhere—and of how, at the end of that year, she found that she had crossed the invisible bridge that separates the world of twelve from the world of thirteen.

***Photography by Margery Lewis***

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THE STREET ON WHICH BARBARA LIVES contains twenty-six houses, each like the others. They are small, but clean and well-kept. To Barbara at twelve, it seems desirable to live in a house that is like other people's houses; it makes her as good as anybody else. Sometimes, when she is daydreaming, Barbara feels that she is not merely as good as anybody else, but better, and that some charmed fate is in store for her. But those are secret thoughts; she does not want them to show. Outwardly, she wants to be like other girls, to be accepted, and not to be different.

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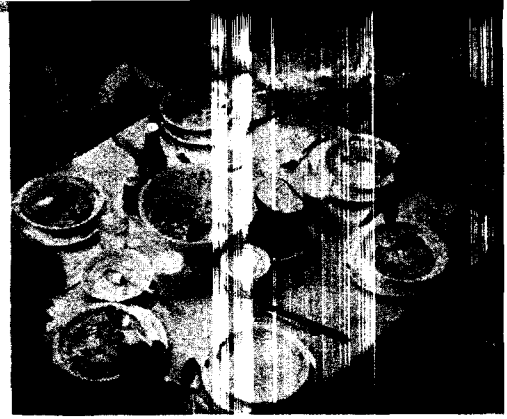
BARBARA'S FAMILY LIFE is warm and close. She likes her father because he is quiet, her mother because she is brisk and vivacious like herself, her grandmother because she is sweet and not bossy, and her younger sister, Katie, because she is a funny kid. In some ways, Barbara is the most vivid member of the group, and at mealtimes she is likely to take the lead in conversation. She has a quick, emphatic way of speaking, one which, aside from what she says, holds people's attention.



BUT BARBARA'S MOODS can change with dramatic suddenness. A chance remark to the effect that she is eating too little or too much can sometimes provoke an outburst of temper, and she will scream: "You're treating me like a child!" or "I can't go on living in this horrible atmosphere!" Later, Barbara will feel half ashamed at having said these things, which will no longer seem to her to be true, and she will try to make amends by working hard at being especially agreeable and light-hearted the rest of the evening.

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THE PATTERN of Barbara's day begins with school. She is an average student, neither too bright nor too dull. Her report cards are always marked "Satisfactory." To her teachers she seems diligent, normal and happy with a tendency to chatter in class. Although, in common with her friends, she complains about having too much homework, Barbara enjoys school; it is the center of her life. She is in the eighth grade, and being a member of the graduating class gives her a sense of importance and maturity.

IT WAS AT SCHOOL that Barbara met Jerry. He is a year older than she, a member of the basketball team, and one of the taller boys at school. Barbara is not always sure how she feels about Jerry. He doesn't exactly resemble the pictures that come into her mind when she thinks about love and marriage, and she vaguely regrets his name; she wishes he were called "Kent" or "Rand." But her misgivings disappear when she is with her friends. Then Jerry seems someone to be proud of, with his height, his good looks, his deepening voice and his team letter.

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THERE WERE MANY AFTERNOONS during that twelfth year when Barbara just couldn't think of anything she wanted to do. She would insist on helping with the cooking, and then her mind would wander off somewhere . . .

. . . or she would be watching television with her best friend, Anita. Her kid sister Katie would join them, and suddenly, without any reason she could recognize or explain, Barbara wished everybody would go away.

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BARBARA'S FAVORITE PART of the world is her own room, a small one on the second floor. Barbara painted the chest of drawers and made the drapes herself; her grandmother helped with the bedspread. Here Barbara keeps her most meaningful possessions, which include a doll named Bobo, a basket sent to her by an uncle on military duty in Milan, and a diary in which she confides what she believes are her real feelings about people. Her housekeeping standards are stricter here than downstairs, where she helps simply because girls must. One day while visiting a friend who owned a typewriter, she decided to become a writer. She started a story about a dark-haired girl named Vicki Ames and a man who loved her, Kent Rand. Vicki sent him away. "It's all over, Kent," said Vicki. "But I don't understand," protested Kent. "You will," sighed Vicki, "some day." Barbara didn't know how to go on with the story, but she saved the opening page.

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ONE DAY Barbara learned from her mother that there would soon be a new baby in the family. Barbara had already suspected that this was the case, but had kept silent. Now that the subject was a safe one to discuss, all her interest in babies came out with a rush. For weeks, she and Katie played a game of mother-and-child. Katie performed her role with a great deal of clowning, but Barbara was often half-serious, trying to imagine what it would feel like to be a mother.

WHEN BARBARA visited her mother at the hospital, she got a funny feeling. She felt that she had become more grown-up, and that her mother had become a little younger. And she had never admired her mother so much. "I want to be just like her," she thought.

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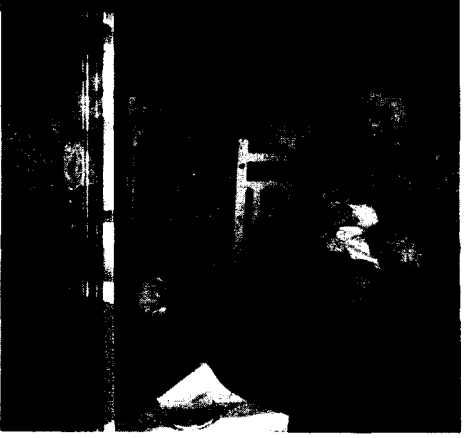

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, the new baby was the most interesting thing in Barbara's life. She became skillful at handling him, and enjoyed showing off her expertness to Anita . . .

. . . and alone in her room at night, she thought a lot about babies—not her mother's but her own.

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GRADUALLY, the novelty of Billy wore off. At times, Barbara even grew resentful of Billy; nobody was paying any attention to *her* any more. Of course, her mother denied it, but she knew it was true. Then, one day, her mother, finding Barbara in one of her sulks, asked her if she would like to take ballet lessons. Would she! Barbara couldn't imagine anything more wonderful. Barbara Neilson, Dancing Star of Stage and Screen . . .

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IT WAS EXCITING to shop for the ballet slippers and the leotard. Having the right clothes made everything more real.

AT THE BALLET SCHOOL, she hurried to put them on. But she tried to hide her eagerness from the other girls.

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THE STEPS weren't hard to learn—but why did they look so much better when her teacher did them? Barbara thought a lot about it and decided you had to move sort of round and melty, not quick and bumpy like some of the girls.

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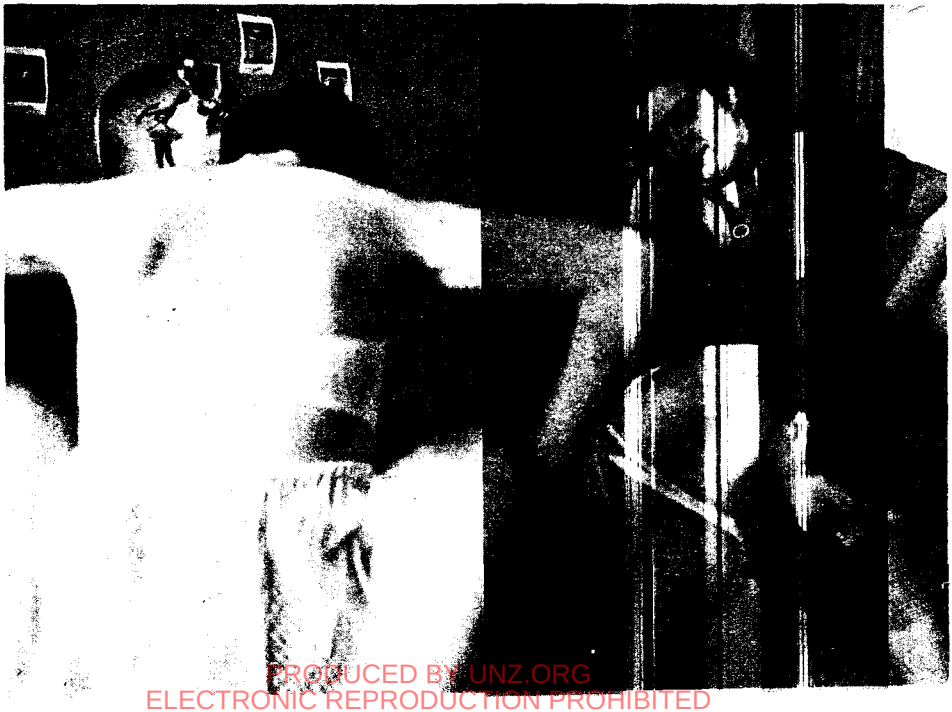
THEN, IN OCTOBER, came the most important day in Barbara's year. She stopped being twelve and became thirteen. For days before the event she had said the word "thirteen" over and over to herself. Thirteen was not just a year more than twelve; it was in a different country, together with fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen . . . There was to be a birthday party, and Anita came over early. The waiting was exciting, and awful . . .



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. . . but they were ready too soon, anyway. The boys were late . . .

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. . . and even when they arrived, it wasn't easy to start talking, somehow. Eddie wore a sweater—a kiddish thing to do. But Jerry was dressed in a new dark blue suit. Somebody put on some records, and the party really started. Katie thought that dancing with boys was funny, and put on her usual clowning act.

WHEN BARBARA thought about the party later, this was the scene she remembered: she in her new dress, Jerry looking manly in his blue suit and white shirt, drinking punch, talking in a corner. Now everyone could see that Jerry was hers.

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SOME YEARS are longer than others. This has been a long year in Barbara's life. In appearance she hasn't changed much, but inwardly she has crossed a long bridge. Barbara is thirteen now, and that is another country.

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## IN THE STRETCH

COLONEL ED BRADLEY, famous owner and breeder of Derby winners, was a sick man towards the close of his long career as a sportsman. His doctors prevailed on him to let up on his strenuous activities. However, when they tried to tell him to stop going to the races, the old boy stubbornly refused.

A compromise was finally agreed on. He could go to the races on condition that he would make no bets. And to be sure he kept his word, a doctor would go along.

One day the Colonel remarked to the doctor that he had a pretty good animal going in one of the races and suggested that the medico put a deuce on his nose. The doctor, who had never bet in his life, was reluctant. Then, not wishing to arouse the old man, he agreed.

As the race began, Bradley's horse surged to the front and held on as they passed the first turn. The doctor rose and screamed for the horse to keep going.

The horse won by a scant head and the doctor collapsed in his seat, worn out by his exertions. Finally he regained his composure and turned to Bradley.

"You see, Colonel," he said, mopping his brow, "that's what betting on horses can do to you. I only bet two dollars and I feel shot to pieces. Just think what it might have done to a sick man like you!"

Bradley nodded agreement. As the doctor rose to go cash his bet, the Colonel said, "Doctor, would you mind cashing these hundred-dollar tickets for me? I had a little bet on my horse, too!"

WHEN PETER COYNE was hired to train the extensive racing stable of the late Joseph E. Widener, he was determined to make good. The trainer soon found that he had a fast horse, a colt named Mr. Sponge.

Coyne worked the youngster in secret, not even telling Mr. Widener about him. At last Coyne felt that Mr. Sponge was ready for his winning debut at Belmont Park. When Mr. Widener arrived at the track that day, Coyne was waiting for him. "Mr. Widener," he said, "this is the big day. Mr. Sponge is all primed and ready, and ought to win by a country mile. This is the ideal spot for a bet—a big bet!"

"What would you consider a big bet?" asked Widener.

"For you, sir? Ten-twenty, maybe fifty thousand dollars. You can win a fortune!"

"But, Mr. Coyne," said the millionaire softly, "what would I do with the money?"

—*Say It Ain't So*, by Mac Davis. Dial Press, New York Publishers. Copyright, 1953, by Mac Davis



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# Some Tricks of Adding Spice to Life

by Ray Josephs

*Planning and imagination are all you need to give life an extra "plus"*

Ever notice how you remember the original look of the Baxters' house, even though Mrs. B. doesn't actually spend more money than others in your crowd? Or the cheeriness of those unexpected, gaily colored notes from the Damons that set your whole day off to a bright start?

There is a reason behind the "something special" in each case. It's the extra plus they provide that makes all the difference between the ordinary and the unforgettable.

Thousands of lady tennis players wear panties. Gussie Moran added an extra—a little bit of lace—and became one of sportdom's most talked-of personalities.

You can make the same philosophy part of your own and your family's life, simply and easily, with endless rewards. All you need is an open mind, plus a willingness to look a little higher or deeper, use what is new or unusual and start living to the fullest.

You needn't have or spend much money. But you must spur your imagination and refuse to be frightened by the unfamiliar.

How can you add those extras to your life? Let's look at your daily activities.

Your mornings: Few things have more effect on your entire day than breakfast. Yet it is one of the easiest times at which to provide an extra. Here are some ideas:

1. Don't just serve your eggs poached instead of sunny-side-up. That's a variation, but still routine. Offer a sliced tomato to add color and variety; sturgeon and cream cheese if you've always had mar-



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malade. Canadian bacon in place of the regular.

2. Instead of ordinary breads, try the home-style, hand-kneaded delicacies now generally available. Or cinnamon on raisin toast if your routine is plain buttered white. Don't overlook the added glow and tang of little make-a-choice jars of red currant, wild strawberry or blackberry preserves.

3. In place of the usual bowl of cereal, put out six different varieties and two bowls, each with a different fruit. Many cereal makers now provide easy choice with portion packets at no added cost. Makes a world of difference.

4. On occasion, set your table with extras. Your nicest linen and china, and a flower centerpiece. Use color for zip and freshness.

5. Try creamed chicken, eggs diavolo, a nut omelet, blueberry pancakes, chipped beef and mushrooms. Ever had fried scrapple or deviled lamb kidneys? Not easily forgotten.

DECORATING YOUR HOME: There are some houses or apartments which tell you, the minute you enter: "This is a real home—the people who live here get something extra from life." Yet, if you analyze what the owners have done, you find that often they have achieved results not by spending, but from constantly seeking that "extra." These leads may provide inspiration:

1. When you paint, don't just repeat. Add a new color you may previously have been unwilling to try: persimmon, a bright Chinese red, a flash of sunlight yellow. Fresh, vital colors—even shockers, if you please—provide excitement. Or you might obtain that extra color from wallpaper if you've always used paint. Also from wood or glass.

2. Don't stop with new furniture. Add a scatter rug or two if you can't change wall-to-wall, and also new pictures. Even if you can't buy them, you can often rent fine paintings by the month. Then, should you decide you can't live without them, rentals go toward purchase.

3. Let yourself go in rearranging furniture. Repositioning your major pieces can add new drama and emphasis, give your room an entirely different breadth and dimension.

4. Getting a new couch or recovering your old one? A few dollars for a series of gay, colorful pillows will help make it look twice as good.

5. Flowers pushed in a vase aren't really exploited. Give an extra; set them off dramatically around a porcelain bird or other figurine. Or use old copper mugs, deep ashtrays, unused goldfish tanks, china teapots. Why limit yourself?

USING YOUR OUTDOORS: You can add the infinite roominess of all outdoors even if your back yard is small by making it into a lovely area for outdoor living. Try:

1. A new portable grill makes the simplest foods, prepared outdoors over charcoal, taste special. Consider broiled spareribs with a special barbeque sauce; shish-kebab with skewered chunks of meat, tomato, onion, pepper, pitted ripe olives. Many shops will rent you a clam steamer. Or you can send to



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Maine for a complete clambake, air expressed to arrive the day you specify. Special seaweed is included.

2. When you do your garden, set beds off with a crisp border of whitewashed shells. Or pick up the color of your favorite flower bed with a painted woodwork trim.

3. A city roof, formerly decorated with uninspiring family wash, can be transformed into a country living room. Make a plank floor, trellis blooming with morning-glories by day and moonflowers by night; flower boxes flourishing with summer favorites—zinnias, marigolds, petunias, pansies. Protect from the blazing sun by a cheerful, privacy-making awning. A delightful contrast to steaming streets—an extra plus.

YOUR SOCIAL ACTIVITIES: How many times have you rebelled against giving another routine party? There's no need to, if you give your next an "extra." Consider:

1. One couple decided they wanted to meet some new local people. Instead of inviting the usual number of couples one Saturday evening, they picked half and told them: "Bring another couple you feel we'd like." Result: the gayest, most interesting gathering they had had in years. Plus new friends.

2. Instead of wearying progressive dinner parties, try a cooperative affair. Assign every couple one dish to make and bring to your home—you provide only china, glass, silver and coffee, plus cleaning up. Less work—and extra fun for all.

3. Or a brunch party. One couple sent friends' children separate invitations for a playroom party of their own. Parents had brunch and games in the living room. A high school sitter cared for the youngsters—and barred mothers. One of the best ways to mix friends and acquaintances and still be reasonably sure they'll quickly come to know and enjoy each other.

4. Be sure you make party food extra special. The theme idea is a natural. Scandinavian Smörgåsbord, Italian pizza with espresso coffee, French bread and recipes. Don't overlook Hungarian goulash, Russian blintzes, Chinese soups.

5. If you serve cheeses, don't stop with an array of ordinary processed varieties. Get the best quality in mild, moldy, table, foreign and wine-laced cheeses. For ten people, offer at least four kinds. Give that extra touch by setting them out on a big board with plenty of simple, buttery toasted crackers; also, big loaves of French bread sliced almost through so it can be pulled off in hunks.

6. When you have to entertain boss or business contacts, don't try money-tossing dazzle. The boss knows exactly what you make. Offering him extras of caviar, turtle soup, wild strawberries, is ridiculous. Instead, make your extras the most unusual, best-tasting beef stew he's ever had. Not routine lamb, but with an unusual dill sauce; in place of ordinary pot roast, one with red wine.

7. When entertaining business contacts with whom you're not well acquainted, it's often smart to go out to a restaurant where music or entertainment provide the extras. Make reservations and get the head waiter's name—not just to impress, but to insure that all goes well. Pick a place you've been to and like;



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you'll feel at ease and know what it's likely to cost.

THOSE EVENINGS AND WEEKENDS: All too often recreation is so routine it seems almost a shift from one group of standard operating procedures to another. Yet even in the smallest communities there's an almost endless variety of after-work things to do. For a starter:

1. Vary your routine by picking out some off-beat event you may never have attended. It might be the treat at the opera you've always promised yourself; a science lecture, concert, a dance recital; or a dog show, roller skating derby, modern art exhibit. They'll open vistas, let you see new and different things you are likely to enjoy tremendously if you give yourself a chance.

2. When you decide to dine out, don't just wander around hoping to find something good. Be sure of an extra by keeping a little notebook of exceptional places you've encountered or heard about. Then phone ahead and order specialties.

3. Or if you generally eat before going to your event of the evening, have a nap and snack first, then dine afterwards in your town's most popular midnight gathering place. You'll see a different crowd in a different life.

YOUR FOOD: Ellen Thomas is really no great shakes as a cook, and she'll admit it. Yet among her friends, Ellen has a terrific reputation for superb food. Her secret? Developing a few specialties she does better than anyone else, making them her show pieces. You'll find her system easily adaptable.

1. Say, for example, your best bet is macaroni. Build it up by baking in an unusual casserole, giving it special sauces. Serve it as a special individual course. Use your most attractive china to give it "umph." Avoid party specialties that need special attention. Better choose things that allow you to stay with guests as much as possible.

2. Don't carve your roast behind the scenes. You'll throw away the dramatic effect. Provide the extra by bringing it out on your best platter, sizzling if possible. Then have the family expert do the carving right in the dining room.

3. Make your salad extra by preparing your dressing at the table. Have a tray with greens well chilled, oil, vinegar, salt, other condiments. Use new herbs, dill and orégano, rosemary and thyme. Pepper in a pepper mill; invariably it's the mark of an extra good table. Pour dressing over greens in their bowl, toss salad, then serve on cold plates.

Try the extra idea many families favor; serve salad as a first separate course. You'll discover it's relished more.

4. Add the extra of wine. Nothing else so relatively inexpensive is as festive and as likely to make a plain meal into a banquet. Easy rules: serve dry wines with unsweet foods; sweet wines with sweet foods. Use red with such hearty foods as meats; white, usually chilled, with

*PROMISCUOUS WOMEN CAN BE CURED*

A noted expert examines the causes behind the rising rate of female immorality and shows, from case histories, how these women can be helped.

In October Coronet.



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lighter fish and chicken. Serve in your thinnest glasses.

5. Get an extra by using colors in your food. Contrasting vegetables—yellow, green, red. Colorful spicy garnishes and touch-ups—radishes, tomatoes, peppers—give your platters an extra. Don't forget the cherry on the grapefruit, the mint in the fruit cup, and crème de menthe over the lemon or pineapple sherbet—umm!

AND YOUR CLOTHES: Have you ever looked through those ten-best-dressed lists and thought: "Sure, it's easy for them. They all spend fortunes on clothes."

Check up and you'll find that many smart celebrities, men and women, aren't big spenders at all. Often they achieve that effect by concentrating on style, not fashion—picking things that are distinctively right for them (which is true style) and then making them their trademark. Achieving that extra air of quiet elegance is a matter of good taste, not money. Here are some leads:

1. Acquire and improve taste by discovering your type and the things which suit you; then provide your own extra touches to complement your personality.

2. When you shop, don't just buy another dress or suit. Pick one that will adapt to many changes, one that will take varied scarves, belts, different buttons, a touch of fur.

Many men have found as small an item as a colorful vest costing a few dollars makes the difference between an ordinary suit and an outfit that's your own and special.

3. Use color with discretion. A touch of red, psychologists say, shows vigor, individualism and originality. A red hankie or tie with that conservative suit is good.

4. If you're a man who always wears straight four-in-hand ties, try a bow. And if a plain white is always in your pocket, experiment with a colored silk or linen handkerchief. They give that extra, distinctive touch. Do the same with your hats. If you're always accustomed to a snap-brim, try a Homburg. Or a Tyrolean for sport.

CONCLUSION: Obviously you can't do all the things suggested in this article. But many can be adapted, or may inspire other ideas that can become distinctively part of your personality and living. Try them. Nothing else that costs so little time, effort and money can give you as much as that extra plus in living.

## A Matter of Geography?

ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT, owner of "The Grey Horse," discovered last summer the difference between English and French women. He left London for Paris on June 23, and the English woman who drove him to the London airport remarked: "Alfred, did you know yesterday was the longest day of the year?"

That evening he attended a dinner party in Paris, and the French woman seated beside him observed: "Mr. Vanderbilt, did you know yesterday was the shortest night in the year?"—ART BUCHWALD (The New York *Herald Tribune*)



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# The Great Norfleet Manhunt

*by* DAVID A. WEISS

*When everything else failed, a Texas rancher strapped on his six-gun and went after the con gang who had swindled him*

IN NOVEMBER, 1923, William J. Burns, head of the Bureau of Investigation, called a special press conference in his Washington, D. C., office. The subject: J. Frank Norfleet.

"His story is true," Burns said.

True? The reporters were stunned. True that a lone Texas rancher could put behind bars an international confidence gang that had eluded the Bureau of Investigation for almost a decade? True that in the 20th century a man could take justice into his own hands and start out on a personal manhunt after the crooks who had swindled him of his life savings?

Burns nodded.

The reporters could hardly believe it. And for that matter at the time, neither could the con gang. When they spotted Norfleet in a Dallas hotel—a wiry, runty-looking Texan only five feet four, with a bushy cowman's mustache—they figured him the easiest mark in town.

The first crook started the swindle by striking up a conversation with Norfleet in the hotel lobby and steering him over to a chair where a wallet had been planted bearing the business cards of a financier (really the second crook).

Thinking the wallet had been lost, Norfleet returned it, only to have the "financier" insist on rewarding him. When Norfleet graciously refused $100, the man suggested, "Surely you won't object if I invest that money for you in a stock deal I am negotiating for my firm?"

One day and two "deals" later, Norfleet was shown $68,000 and

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told, "Your share of the winnings is $28,000." But when he went to claim his money, two "officials" of the Dallas Cotton Exchange (the third and fourth crooks) raised an objection.

Norfleet couldn't collect his winnings, they explained, until he "confirmed" his part of the bidding. Since he wasn't a member of the Exchange, he was told, he must put up $20,000 cash to show that he could have covered his losses had he lost instead of won.

So, back home to Hale Center, Texas, Norfleet rushed with one of the crooks to secure a loan. On his return, he learned that another "deal" had been transacted and $45,000 more had been added to his winnings. He now needed $25,000 more "confirmation" money, $45,000 in all. This time Norfleet mortgaged his IXL ranch —and as soon as he handed his money over to collect, the gang skipped town.

AN IDEAL SUCKER, the crooks thought as they divided up Norfleet's life savings, but they hadn't counted on the tough little Texan. Reared in the great Old West tradition of Wyatt Earp and Bill Tilghman, Norfleet believed in justice—even if one had to accomplish it himself. The minute the Bureau of Investigation, Pinkerton Agency, and local police admitted there was little hope of catching the crooks and recovering his money, Norfleet made a decision.

"I'll go after them myself," he said grimly. "And I'll get those buzzards if it takes a lifetime."

No one figured Norfleet had a chance in a thousand lifetimes. His only law-enforcement experience had been serving as deputy sheriff during round-up times. Everyone begged him to go home and not make a fool of himself, except his wife, Mattie Eliza.

"Go get them, Frank," she urged. "Don't worry about the ranch. I'll manage it."

In December, 1919, J. Frank Norfleet made his first move. Violating accepted detective procedure in an effort to get help, he gave the newspapers all the information he had on the con gang, not realizing they would print it. He included their names (W. B. Spencer, Joseph Furey, Reno Hamlin, E. J. Ward, and Charles Gerber), descriptions, methods of operation, even the fact that he was going out to track them down.

When the story got out, the rancher, instead of being angry, decided to make the most of the mistake. The more publicity the better, he figured. Not only was he hoping it would bring him some leads, but also that it would save others from being swindled.

Norfleet packed his valise and six-shooter, and boarded the Santa Fe, heading westward. On Christmas Eve, he got off at San Bernardino, California.

"J. Frank Norfleet of Texas," he introduced himself to Sheriff Walter Shay in the county jail.

Shay grinned. "We usually don't give Christmas presents to strangers, but we have two for you."

Norfleet blinked. It seemed unbelievable. There in adjoining cells were Ward and Gerber. Separated from the rest of the gang, they were turned in by a local citizen who recognized them after reading about



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Norfleet in a San Francisco paper.

An elderly woman he talked to on the way back home mailed him a letter: "A man resembling your Spencer got on the train at Houston. He said he was going to Florida."

Within six hours, Norfleet was heading eastward. Jacksonville, Tampa, St. Augustine, up and down the state he went, scanning faces, asking questions. Everyone he met —tourists, salesladies, waiters, policemen—he talked to about his manhunt.

To bring up the subject more easily he invented his "home edition" newspaper. Each morning he would paste in the daily paper an old article about con men. Then, spotting a likely stranger, he would point to it and say, "I see con men are around."

"Sure are," answered a St. Augustine barber as he poured on the bay rum. "Heard they were using the old country club as a hangout."

Norfleet figured the best way to get to the club was to disguise himself as a potential sucker. That night he shaved off his mustache and bought a floppy old Panama hat such as a farmer might wear. The next day he registered at the Montezuma Hotel as Elmer Parkinson of Blackwell, Oklahoma.

"Down here to buy a celery farm," he said to the desk clerk.

Shortly afterward, a well-dressed stranger introducing himself as "Mr. Johnson" struck up a conversation with Norfleet, then invited him to the race track.

Within a week Norfleet and he were driving along the winding road to the elegant clubhouse overlooking the ocean. Inside was a fake betting setup: telegraph wires, blackboards showing the horses running in Cuba, and—Norfleet's eyes widened—four guards with carbines and bulging hips.

Surreptitiously, a waiter handed Johnson a note. The crook's smile quickly turned to a scowl. Norfleet realized that someone had recognized him. He tried to stall.

"What day is this?" he asked suddenly.

"Sunday," Johnson growled.

"Sunday? I promised my mother I'd never gamble on Sunday. So I guess I won't waste any more of your time."

The guards reached for their carbines, but Norfleet was faster. Whipping out his six-shooter, he



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jumped up and ran toward the door.

"Don't move," he ordered.

Then, dashing outside, he quickly sped away in the car.

Four months later, in Key West, he caught a glimpse of Joe Furey sailing out to a yacht anchored in the ocean.

Renting a hydroplane, Norfleet searched the Cuba and Florida coasts from the air, but to no avail. The con man had gotten away.

Discouraged, Norfleet returned to Texas. The manhunt that had started out so promisingly was now bogged down. Despite Eliza's efforts, the ranch was doing poorly.

EVERYTHING LOOKED BLACK—and then the Fort Worth sheriff called. Reno Hamlin had been jailed. A banker about to be swindled recognized him from Norfleet's newspaper description and had him arrested.

Norfleet decided to return to San Antonio to see if he could unearth any clues from Joe Furey's stay there a year ago. Among other things he found the con man's hotel bill and discovered that a long distance call had been made to a Glendale number.

Norfleet went to Glendale and called it.

"Yes?" a woman answered.

"Who is this?"

"Mrs. Furey . . ."

Norfleet hung up.

When he reported he had located Furey's home, the Los Angeles police assigned two plain-clothes men to watch it.

"I don't see anyone there," Norfleet complained a week later.

"Of course you don't," he was told. "That's why they're good detectives. They can't be spotted."

But Norfleet's observation had been correct. Two months later he was the state's chief witness when the plain-clothes men were brought to trial, accused of letting Furey escape for $20,000 when he came home for Christmas.

This not only wasted Norfleet's time but increased his expenses. So far his manhunt had cost him $15,000 and the ranch was worse off than before. Eliza now had had to sell his favorite horse, Hornet. But the rancher, figuring something would turn up, refused to quit.

Three weeks later, a Los Angeles Western Union employee, following instructions to notify Norfleet of any communication between Joe Furey and his family, telephoned. Furey, she said, had just wired his wife money from Jacksonville, Florida.

This time Norfleet got a state warrant from Florida's Governor so he could bring Furey back himself. Two hours after arriving in Jacksonville, he located the con man in a cafe and grabbed him by the collar.

Furey took one look and yelled, "Help! Help! This man is after my diamonds."

A free-for-all started. The police rushed in and both were arrested. But when Norfleet produced the Governor's state warrant, Furey was released in his custody.

Only Spencer now remained at large. Accompanied by his son Pete, Norfleet enrailed for Salina, Kansas, found the boarding house where Spencer had stayed and learned where his in-laws lived.

Pete got acquainted with the sister-in-law and took her to a



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dance. "Mr. Spencer is a wealthy financier," she said in innocence. "He's now wintering in Montreal."

Two weeks later Norfleet located Spencer in the large crowd watching Bill Strother, the Human Spider, climb the walls of Montreal's Hotel Windsor. Norfleet rushed over and seized Spencer with the same bulldog grip he had used on Furey, but the con man socked him in the jaw and ran into a movie theater, where he rushed up into the balcony and then got away down the fire escape.

Norfleet kept after him. In Arvada, Colorado, he missed Spencer by only three hours. In Salina, Kansas, by less than twenty minutes.

"A man answering to your description will be back any minute to pick up his car," a garage mechanic in Mineral Wells, Texas, told him.

Excitedly, Norfleet waited. When the man walked in, he grabbed him.

"Spencer!"

But it wasn't Spencer. As the man complained, "Everybody takes me for a guy named Spencer."

Utah, Canada again, Oklahoma. On and on Norfleet went, and then came word that Spencer was hiding out in Salt Lake City. Norfleet called the local police chief. Two hours later, when Norfleet arrived, Spencer had been arrested.

"None of us had a minute's peace since you got on our trail," Spencer said bitterly when Norfleet identified him.

The rancher was hardly sympathetic. His decision to track down the con gang had sent him 40,000 miles back and forth across the country, and cost him $17,000 and almost four years of his life. All he ever got for his efforts was a letter from William J. Burns, head of the Bureau of Investigation, congratulating him for "the valuable service he rendered his country."

Still, Norfleet was satisfied. For years after, con men bypassed Texas. His great manhunt had been too much for them.

## Smart Selling

AL AND JUNE Hodges, proprietors of Motel Catalina near Pratt, Kansas, decided that too many motels tell guests only what they *can't* do. So they feature a list of *can do's*. You *can* get free ice, radios *are* free, ironing boards *are* allowed, baby cribs *can* be borrowed, you *can* get a free newspaper, magazines in the lobby *can* be borrowed, and you *can* borrow an alarm clock if you need it. Their guests come back. —*Town Journal*

WHEN JERRY SCHLEPER of Scottsdale, Arizona, opened his pottery shop, instead of posting the conventional "Handle At Your Own Risk" signs he put up notices like these:

Handle At Our Risk
Breakage Is Our Misfortune
You Break It—We Pay

Explains Schleper: "I didn't want people to be afraid to handle the stuff. They might be afraid to buy it, too." —JOSEPH STOCKER



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# Our War with the Insects

*by* EARLE DOUCETTE

*The crawling bugs ravaging our forests may doom man on this planet*

UNLESS WE FACE the problem squarely, experts believe that eventually insects may inherit the earth. Our chances of surviving the devastating bugs, entomologists say, are only one in 500,000.

In 1918, two and a half billion board feet of timber were destroyed by insects; by 1945, the annual loss had jumped to three and a half billion; today the insect horde is chewing and sucking away at our forests at the rate of over $200,000,000 a year.

But that is only the beginning. A tract of forest destroyed by insects lies useless for over half a century as a new one grows, and even then this new growth usually consists of less valuable species. Meanwhile it serves as a perfect incubator for still more insects and is a constant invitation to fire.

The floor of a forest ravaged by insects and then by fire loses its sponge-like ability to trap water. Spring rains and melting snows rush down the valleys in destructive torrents instead of being held and doled out through the year for our many uses.

All of us have an enormous stake in our forests that, even after centuries of cutting, still cover an area almost as large as all the states east of the Mississippi, plus Kansas and Louisiana. Wood and wood products—paper for example—form an important part of our national income. In the future we may even be eating wood, because experiments toward that goal are now being conducted. And it would be difficult, if not impossible, to wage war without wood in its many forms.

What are we doing about this situation that could almost be classed as a national emergency? The states and the federal government spend only $4,900,000 annually to fight forest insects, while over $26,000,000 goes to fight and prevent fire in our forests, even though fire is by far the lesser dan-



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ger. But if popular support can be aroused, our entomologists will get the money they need for total war.

The techniques and procedures employed in the war against forest insects bear a striking resemblance to those used in repelling an invading nation.

An aggressor nation builds up to war strength before attacking. Insects do the same. For a considerable period the spruce budworm, for example, may cause practically no trouble at all. Then, almost overnight, it is on the march by the countless millions, eating its way through mile after mile of forest.

This emergence in force is made possible by a combination of circumstances favorable to it—an abundance of food, mild winters, the right amount of rainfall, weakened or over-mature stands of favored species where it can get a firm foothold.

Knowing what the enemy is up to is as important in the war against forest insects as it is in a war against men. Nearly 25 years ago, Dr. Henry Peirson, Maine's state entomologist, set up a state-wide forest insect-detection service.

During the year, six forest-insects rangers assisted by 215 forest wardens shake insects off trees, catch them on cloths and send them to the forest service laboratory at Augusta.

There note is taken of the species captured and the numbers of each. An abnormal rise in numbers of any species indicates that a heavy infestation is developing. A comparison of samples from various areas shows whether the condition is widespread or localized.

To hold damage to a minimum, a counterattack must be staged immediately. If the predator is a leaf-chewing insect, planes loaded with insecticide spray the area and the enemy is stopped in his tracks.

Unhappily, things don't always work out that easily. Fifteen years



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ago, for instance, Maine's extremely valuable birch was highly vulnerable because a series of dry years and high temperatures had sapped the vitality of mature trees. In some places, unwise cutting practices had left it still further exposed to the dryness and heat.

Then came swarming a major infestation of the bronze birch borer, an insect difficult to control because it bores under the bark where it can't be reached, there to kill the tree by girdling it.

The only way to halt such an attack is to spray ahead of the infestation so that the insect will be poisoned before it has a chance to burrow out of harm's way. Dr. Peirson and his force labored frantically, but before funds became available to study and battle the infestation on a major scale it had destroyed 60 per cent of the state's birch, a loss of millions of dollars.

Twenty years ago, entomologists were dismayed to learn that the European spruce sawfly had increased to epidemic numbers on the Gaspé Peninsula.

When a foreign insect, such as this one, invades a forest for the first time, it presents a problem of the first magnitude. Generally it has no natural enemies in the new territory to help keep it under control, and the problem is intensified when the insect is hard or impossible to subdue with insecticides.

While the sawfly moved over the border in force, threatening death to Maine's invaluable stands of spruce, Dr. Peirson obtained, by way of the Canadian government, a small colony of its European parisitic enemy. From this nucleus, over two hundred million of them were bred and raised and then distributed throughout the woods, where they are now firmly established.

Nature may temporarily upset the balance, allowing the sawfly to go on the rampage again, but with the parasite standing guard no new major infestation is expected.

But as long as insects remain upon the earth, there can be no peace in man's war with what many consider to be his greatest enemy.

The insecticides in use now are effective against many insects, but who can say that they won't be worthless tomorrow? Strains of houseflies have emerged that are immune to DDT, once hailed as a wonder killer, and there can be no doubt that forest insects will attain similar immunity.

Chemicals to be injected into trees to make them unpalatable to insects are being tested. This offers new hope for our shade trees but would be impracticable in forests.

In combatting the forest insects we are winning a battle now and then, but will we win the war? Nothing has happened thus far, despite the advances we have made, to change the views of entomologists that the last living thing on earth will be an insect feeding on a piece of lichen.

AFTER HIS RETIREMENT, financier Andrew Carnegie was asked which facet of industry he considered most important—capital, labor or brains. "Well," he replied, "I think I'll let you answer that question yourself. Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

—MARY ALKUS



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# Sharpen Your Word Sense!

*by* ROGER B. GOODMAN

**HAVEN'T YOU often thought, "If only I had the words to express what I feel!" Or, "If only I could write it in the proper words!"**

**Well, here's a chance for you to sharpen your word sense by comparing yourself with a great writer. Below is a passage from the works of a noted author. Fill in the blanks with *your* choice of words taken from the list below.**

**Then turn to page 128 and check your selection with the words that the writer actually used.**

FROM THAT CHAMBER, and from that mansion, I 1_____ 2_____. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there 3_____along the path a 4_____light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have 5_____, for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting and 6_____ moon, which now 7_____vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as 8_____from the roof of the building, in a 9_____direction, to the base. While I 10_____, this fissure rapidly 11_____—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—then the entire orb of the satellite 12_____at once upon my sight—my brain 13_____as I saw the 14_____walls 15_____asunder—there was a long 16_____ shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and 17_____18_____at my feet 19_____ 20_____and silently over the fragments of the "House of Usher."

**Choose one word from each line on this list:**

1. ran, escaped, fled
2. aghast, startled, terrified
3. came, gleamed, shot
4. ghostly, wild, ghastly
5. come, shone, issued
6. blood-red, blushing, ruddy
7. peered, looked, shone
8. reaching, stretching, extending
9. zigzag, haphazard, twisting
10. stared, gazed, wondered
11. opened, widened, developed
12. burst, came, rushed
13. spun, whirled, reeled
14. great, huge, mighty
15. breaking, rushing, splitting
16. tumultuous, roaring, distant
17. slimy, gloomy, dank
18. tarn, pond, loch
19. moved, closed, swept
20. moodily, sullenly, swiftly



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# my five greatest mysteries

*by* ALFRED HITCHCOCK
*As told to* KEITH MONROE



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*Alfred Hitchcock, Hollywood's master mystery-maker, has filmed the most incredible of crime stories. Yet, these real-life thrillers frustrate him. A movie, he explains, must be believable. But these true tales are too improbable. They would never be believed.* —*The Editors.*

ARNE GANDY'S MOTHER had been hoping for a call from him, so she was not alarmed when the telephone rang at 3:00 A.M. that night in January, 1934. In San Francisco, across the continent, it was midnight.

She got out of bed and hurried to the phone. When she picked up the receiver she was surprised to hear a strange man's voice.

"The kid is here, and for God's sake forgive him and give him another chance," he was saying. "What I said about him in my letter is all true, he is a fine kid."

Next morning, Mrs. Gandy gave police this account of what followed:

"I asked who was speaking. He replied with a hollow laugh. I told him he must have the wrong number, that I had no letter. I asked what number he was calling and he repeated our number, which is unlisted.

"There were several voices. All seemed to come from a large room, an auditorium. They echoed and jabbered.

"Then I thought I heard Arne's voice. It seemed to come from another part of the room. I couldn't understand what he was saying.

" 'Oh,' I said, 'let me talk to my boy.'

"There was a lot of laughter. The strange voice said, 'Your son is in a hospital in San Francisco. He's in bad shape. But never mind. He's on his way home now.'

" 'I am helpless,' another voice said. 'Here I lie propped up on pillows. I can't move.' Then a sigh, a groan, and the voice faded like music and other voices came over the phone. Then everything stopped.

"I jiggled the receiver and got the operator. She told me that the call came from San Francisco. My husband immediately contacted the police."

Next morning, Arne Gandy's body was found in San Francisco Bay. He must have drowned at least two days before, the coroner estimated. Yet Mrs. Gandy insisted she heard his voice on the phone.

The story caused a sensation.

Arne had been the 20-year-old son of an advertising artist. He had



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signed on at New York as mess boy for a world cruise on a Dollar liner. But when the ship docked in San Francisco, he hurried ashore, without stopping to get his clothes and private papers from his locker, and never returned.

That day he wrote a cheerful letter to his parents, giving no hint that he had quit. Then he dropped from sight. Six days later, his corpse was fished from the bay.

Police investigations led nowhere. There were no clues as to why he rushed off the ship, where he went, how he spent the few days before his death. The phone call remains unexplained.

To me, the Arne Gandy case is one of the five most baffling real-life mysteries of our generation. If I made it into a movie no one would believe it.

~ ~ ~

CONSIDER THE Isidor Fink murder in a locked room.

Fink owned a laundry at 4 East 132nd Street in New York. On the evening of March 9, 1929, he was ironing clothes. Because of a long standing personal fear of robberies, the windows of his room were shut and latched. The only door was bolted.

A woman outside heard screams and sounds of a struggle. She called police.

Patrolman Albert Kattenborn ran to the place but could not get in. He boosted a small boy over the transom and the boy unbolted the door. Fink lay dead on the floor.

The policeman let no one enter until detectives arrived. They found two bullet wounds in the tailor's chest and one in his left wrist. He had died almost instantly. There was money in the cash register.

Detectives went over the room inch by inch. They found no gun, nor any secret panels or loose boards by which the murderer could have left. Yet he must have been inside the room because powder burns on Fink's wrist proved that the shots came from very close range.

Perhaps he scrambled silently over the transom? Perhaps he did, if he was a midget and very agile. But why should he leave the same way, with much difficulty, instead of just unbolting the door or opening a window?

If you don't believe it happened, see *The New York Times* for March 10 and 11, 1929.

~ ~ ~

THE MYSTERY OF THE Hindu kidnaper strikes me with a different kind of bafflement.

In 1917, some British missionaries in Nepal, India, received a message that a dying native priest wanted to tell them something. They hurried to his bedside and found him with a white boy about 14 years old. The priest confessed he had kidnaped the boy from a street in Wimbledon around 1910. With these words, he died.

The boy could speak a little English and said his name was Albert. He remembered nothing of England. The missionaries immediately reported the story to their London representative.

Further checking revealed that a number of boys had disappeared in Wimbledon around 1910. No one was ever able to identify the Nepal boy, though police followed up clues for three years. I understand



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he still lives in India today, a middle-aged man.

How could a native have seized a boy on an English street, and then spent weeks with him aboard ship to India, without attracting attention? Why did "quite a number" of children disappear that year from that part of England? What happened to this boy's memory, to erase all recollection of the years he presumably spent in England?

Or was the dying priest lying? If so, why had he sent for the missionaries?

~ ~ ~

PERHAPS NO MOVIE CRIME can equal the bank robbery in Blackpool, England, on August 7, 1926. The Midland Bank was just closing for the day when an official from the Corporation Tramways Department arrived with a heavy leather bag containing £800.

About 25 customers saw him heave it onto a counter in front of the bank vault. A bank official watched it—or was presumed to be watching it—while the doorman unlocked the front door so the official could go out for another sack.

When the guard returned, the first bag had vanished from the counter. The bank official could not explain. One instant it was there, the next it wasn't.

"No one can leave until the bag is found," he said. "It must be here, because all the doors are locked."

Every cranny of the bank was searched. The bag was as big as a postman's mailbag—hard to conceal.

Yet somehow it got out of the bank, for late that afternoon police found it in a side street nearby. The lock on it was intricate and could not be opened until a Tramways Department man arrived with a key. All they discovered was some change. The notes were gone.

How did the bag vanish from the counter? How did it get past the doorman? Why, and how, was the money taken from the bag without damaging bag or lock?

This is another of the great true mysteries of our time.

~ ~ ~

BUT MOST BAFFLING of all, in my opinion, is the mystery I call The Case of the Bewitched Fliers.

On July 24, 1924, two British airmen were over the Iraq desert, hostile Arab territory, on a routine reconnaissance flight. For an unknown reason, they landed in the desert.

According to searchers who found it later, there was nothing basically wrong with the plane. It bore no marks to indicate an attack. The gas tank was half full.

But what of the fliers, Flight-Lieutenant W. T. Day and Pilot Officer D. R. Stewart? Their footprints went side by side for forty yards from the plane. Then, suddenly, their trail ended. There were no other tracks around and no signs of a struggle.

Searchers combed the desert for a hundred miles in all directions. But no other tracks were found. Rewards were offered. Tribal patrols checked every village and oasis.

To this day the British Army has no idea why Day and Stewart landed, nor what happened to them. The Arabs have lived at peace with the English for many years now, yet no word of the airmen has ever trickled out.



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# RIBICOFF OF

*by* DEAN BRELIS

ONE DAY LAST WINTER, an immaculately dressed man sat alone in the waiting room of a manufacturing company's office in Manhattan, pensively studying an annual report. A briefcase lay open between his legs, filled with statistical reports and maps of the State of Connecticut. He was interrupted by a secretary who said, "You may come in now, Governor Ribicoff."

He followed her into a spacious conference room and shook hands with the company president, who appeared perplexed. After some polite pleasantries, Governor Ribicoff energetically said: "Well, shall we tackle our problem?"

"Of course," replied the president, "but don't you want to wait for your experts?"

The Governor patted his briefcase. "They're right here."

For thirty minutes, the two men discussed the details, many of them extremely technical, for establishing a plant in Connecticut. The president brought up the question of building a railroad siding for the proposed factory. Ribicoff picked up the phone, called the New Haven Railroad, got the information needed. Thus, using the authority of his office, cutting red tape, and driving full speed to the crux of every issue, Ribicoff was finding a solution not only to the company's dilemma but to his State's as well.

This kind of dynamic leadership has been typical of Abraham Alexander Ribicoff's first nine months as the 76th Governor of Connecticut. A dark-haired, pale-faced lawyer of medium height, he studied the problems of his State, first as a State legislator, then as a police court judge, and finally as a congressman in Washington. Out of this experience, covering a span of 17 years, he realized that his State and its 2,220,000 people faced a problem common to all New England states—the procession of industry leaving the North for the South. And in industrial Connecticut, there were worried faces everywhere.

One of the places was Thompsonville. The town's largest single industry, the Bigelow-Sanford Car-



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*The citizens of his state met a crucial challenge—and elected a governor who is determined to justify their faith*

# CONNECTICUT

pet Company, was considering closing down its factory, which had been maintained there since 1828, and consolidating it with one in Amsterdam, N. Y. This meant that some 2,000 Connecticut workers were in danger of losing their jobs. They appealed to Ribicoff. Quickly he arranged a meeting with James D. Wise, head of the company, and sped to New York City, armed with a briefcase bulging with facts and figures. Point by point, he argued the case for retaining the plant in Connecticut.

Ribicoff's enthusiasm and understanding of their situation impressed the company officials and influenced their decision to stay in Thompsonville. When the announcement was made, every church in Thompsonville said prayers of thanksgiving for the decision and for the new Governor, and the textile workers union gratefully promised him a present of wall-to-wall carpeting for his office in the State Capitol.

All during this time, there had been another crisis. A state-wide bus strike was threatening. If the 2,200 drivers walked out, 500,000 riders would be stranded. Calmly, with the direct action that has become a byword of his administration, Ribicoff decided to head for New Haven and settle the strike.

His intervention swiftly paved the way for union and management to sit down at the same table and face each other for the first time since the strike had been announced. Then the company and union officials signed a five-point agreement on procedure to be followed on settling differences by arbitration.

By the time Spring had come to Hartford, the reporters who cover Capitol Hill had begun to refer to the highly-charged atmosphere around the new Governor as "Ribicoff Fever." When he first occupied the executive office, he started to keep one of his campaign promises of cutting state payrolls by beginning with his own office.

"I'm not going to have a lawyer," he said. "Why should I? I'm one myself." And he added: "I would rather pay higher salaries to fewer employees than have a small army at small pay."

Then he threw a bombshell at the reporters. "There's not going to be a publicity staff, and no public relations man. We'll hold two press conferences a day. You'll



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ask me questions directly, and I'll answer them the same way."

Today, he is on a first-name basis with every reporter covering the Capitol, and despite the absence of a high-powered publicity staff, he receives more newspaper attention than his predecessor ever dreamed of getting, publicity staff notwithstanding.

The Governor's office is on the second floor of the Capitol. Its walls are pastel blue. The mantelpiece is crowded with donkeys of various shapes, sizes and colors. But towering over some of the smaller symbols of the Democratic Party is an elephant. It is there to remind Ribicoff of what he calls "the olive branch."

He introduced the peace offering after his inauguration when, to a stunned, predominantly Republican audience, he said something no Democratic Governor before him had ever dared say to such a legislature. "For the next four years," he said, "whether the Legislature is in session or not, my hand will be outstretched to all of you, every day of the year, so that the people of Connecticut can thank the Republicans and the Democrats for having lived up to their responsibilities."

The entire Legislature stood and applauded.

Ribicoff's promise of cooperation had an immediate influence upon the citizens of Connecticut and indirectly gave them a responsible voice on Capitol Hill. For many years, small groups of citizens had traveled to Hartford, hoping to attract attention to a community problem. More often than not, they returned home with a sense of frustration. Knowing this, Ribicoff's idea was to travel with legislators and listen on the spot to local problems.

Appearing in the midst of a heated town hall meeting, he and Republican and Democratic legislators learned what kind of laws would make political, economic and social sense to the State. A diversity of problems was confronted, and in one way or another, constructive action was taken on such matters as the need for new industries, overhaul of local and state institutions for neglected children, promoting state parks and forests as tourist attractions, and increasing financial aid to education.

PEOPLE FIRST STARTED TALKING about Abe Ribicoff when he represented Connecticut's First District in the U. S. Congress. "When you get down there to Washington, Abe," a group of constituents told him, "we want you to get two bills passed—price supports for shade tobacco growers and a $32,000,000 dam across the Connecticut River."

The freshman Congressman told them he didn't believe in either proposal. "They're pork-barrel items," he said. "I wouldn't vote for them."

In Washington, he introduced both bills, and as promptly spoke against them. They were both defeated. What he had done was almost without precedent. But then, almost everything about Abe Ribicoff is unprecedented.

The Colony of Connecticut was founded 322 years ago. He is the first Jew in the long history of the State to be elected governor. He



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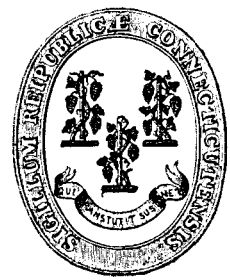
doesn't smoke, and he drinks an infrequent Old-Fashioned. He rises early, reads three morning newspapers, eats a big breakfast of juice, ham and eggs, toast, coffee. He shoots golf in the low 80s and religiously attends the symphony in Hartford whenever he can get away from his work. He writes his own speeches in note form, and delivers them extemporaneously.

Though Ribicoff lives today in a fine old mansion, surrounded by portraits of Revolutionary heroes, he was born in the slum areas of New Britain, a Connecticut mill town. His father, Sam Ribicoff, an immigrant, made the long journey from Poland to America, penniless, leaving behind his wife, Rose, and their daughter, Hilda. Landing in New York, Sam went on to New Britain where he had relatives, and there he worked in a factory until he could send for his family.

They moved into New Britain's Sixth Ward, commonly called "No Man's Land." Almost everybody there had one thing in common: they were immigrants. Consequently, it was like a Tower of Babel, with Italian, Jewish, Greek, Portuguese dialects cacophonically competing with rich Irish brogues and heavy Scandinavian accents. In this atmosphere, on April 9, 1910, Abe Ribicoff was born.

He was physically small with a thatch of unruly dark hair and large emotional eyes. By the time he had finished kindergarten, his father was working in a factory as a common laborer. When he was ten years old, Abe went to work after school in a curtain shop delivering packages. By the time he was in high school he was delivering the New Britain *Herald* to 62 subscribers and walking four miles a day to caddy at the local country club.



CONNECTICUT STATE SEAL

Recently, in New Britain, which this year elected him its "Man of the Year," he returned to that same club as a distinguished citizen. At the head table he was introduced to the owner of a large local company who said, "Governor, I've been wanting to meet you for a long time."

Ribicoff's dark eyes flashed with friendly amusement as he shook the man's hand. "But you have, sir. I used to be your caddy."

Today, as Ribicoff sits behind a large mahogany desk in the Governor's office, he leans back and says with typical frankness: "In New Britain, there was no wrong side of the tracks, psychologically. We were poor, but no one cared. People lived in religious groups, yes, but they respected each other's beliefs. I never looked for a slight, nor was I rejected, because I was a Jew. If you were rejected, it was because of a deficiency in your own character, your morals, or your behavior."

Despite his small frame, Abe was alert and lithe, and in between jobs and school, he found time to play sandlot baseball and football. He would stay awake late at night, devouring books he borrowed from the local library, some like *Frank*



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*Merriwell at Yale*, and others like Plato and Spinoza.

When he graduated from high school, he accepted a job with the G. E. Prentice Manufacturing Company, measuring it by the fact that the job was getting him closer to the point where he could afford college.

He spent a year at N. Y. U., and then, at 19, his former employers asked him to go to Chicago and head a branch office there. He accepted, and spent another year as an undergraduate at the University of Chicago, meanwhile performing a full time job as plant manager. By this time, he felt he must strike out for what he really wanted—a law degree. His enthusiasm, his brilliant record in business and as an undergraduate, made an impression upon the heads of the University of Chicago Law School. Despite his lack of an undergraduate degree, he was admitted, and three years later, he more than justified their faith by graduating with honors.

There were tempting offers from Washington, but again, he knew what he wanted: a law practice among the people he knew best back home in Connecticut.

He was now married to a high-school friend, Ruth Siegel of Hartford. In 1938, he ran for his first public office, and from that time on, he was only unsuccessful once, in 1952, when he ran for the U. S. Senate. Even in defeat, during the great Eisenhower landslide, Ribicoff was 100,000 votes ahead of his ticket.

Last year, he won the governorship from the Republican incumbent, John Davis Lodge, by only 3,115 votes. Next day, a glad-hander glibly commented that the margin of victory was uncomfortably close. Ribicoff, with the candor that has become a trademark, barked: "I have always lived lean!"

In the closing stages of the race, a whispering campaign had sprung up across the State and its intent was viciously anti-Semitic. It had nothing to do with Governor Lodge or his staff, Ribicoff is the first to make clear. When the rumors were gaining strength, Ribicoff decided that there was only one way to meet the attack, and that was to challenge it openly with a dramatic telecast. This is what he said:

"I have been the victim of ugly whispers and rumors. But I believe in the American dream. It is the American dream that any boy, no matter what his social, economic, or religious background might be, has the right to aspire and to achieve anything open to anyone in this great country of ours. It is not important whether I win or lose. The important thing is that Abe Ribicoff is not here to repudiate the American dream. I know that the American dream can come true. I believe it from the bottom of my heart as I believe that your sons and daughters, too, can have the American dream come true."

It was a crucial challenge for the citizens of Connecticut, and one that they did not duck. It is also certain that Abe Ribicoff will always remember them for silencing the voices of evil.

TOO MANY OF US keep looking forward to the good old days.
—*Perfection Pointers*



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# with poly-AM

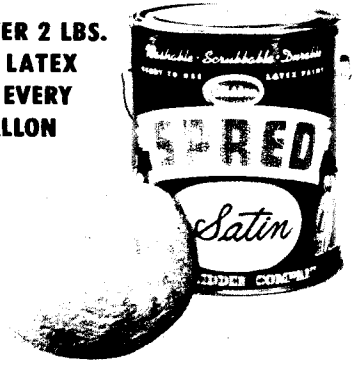
Nature's wonder ingredient

# gives you a 2-in-1 paint film!

**so tough, so durable you don't need to paint again until you want to change colors!**

You can count on a newly painted kitchen like the one above—or any other room—to stay fresh and new-looking practically forever. Reason: SPRED SATIN colors are bound into a protective, latex rubber film by a strong, interlocking film of *poly-AM*—the wonder ingredient that makes SPRED SATIN so durable you can wash and scrub it for years without loss of color.

**OVER 2 LBS. OF LATEX IN EVERY GALLON**




Actual amount of latex in SPRED SATIN is shown by unretouched photo above. This 2 lb. ball of latex was removed from a gallon of SPRED SATIN. This means plenty of latex in the paint to combine with *poly-AM*, to give you a protective 2-in-1 paint film!

**Glidden**

Glidden QUALITY PRODUCTS

*Pacemaker in Paints*

Cleveland 2, Ohio

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN PAINT CUSTOMERS ASKED THE "IMPOSSIBLE"

# Mother Nature gave science the answers!

After VJ Day, people asked for a miracle post-war paint. They demanded qualities that paint chemists had not even dreamed about. For example—Mr. America wanted a water-thinned paint so he could clean brushes easily. But Mrs. America wanted a *washable* paint, one she could scrub if she had to. These qualities sounded like "opposites" so many manufacturers thought customers were asking the impossible.

Not so with Glidden chemists. Knowing that nothing is impossible in nature, they turned to nature. And the first clue to the paint the public wanted came direct from nature—it was the idea of using extremely fine latex particles which would remain suspended in the paint much like butterfat stays suspended in homogenized milk. First it was proved that rubber would stay in suspension with color pigment, water and other ingredients. Tests then showed this latex rubber base paint dried as a durable rubber film that could be washed or scrubbed. Science now had a washable, water-thinned paint for Mr. & Mrs. America.

But Glidden did not stop there. People wanted a paint that would last a long time; colors that would stay fresh even if the paint were scrubbed with strong soaps. Again nature provided the answer. A secret held by the versatile soy bean was unfolded by Glidden chemists. It was an amino-soya substance which mixes with water, latex and pigment. Tests showed this substance actually formed a double paint film. The *poly-AM,* as it is called, and the latex formed a 2-in-1 film.

Color pigment is *double*-sealed within, and you can scrub the paint 200,000 times or more with no change in the surface or color of the paint!

Now the paint customer could be given what he asked for. Truly a wonder wall paint—Glidden SPRED SATIN, now famous for all of the qualities once thought to be "impossible" to obtain.

---

## THE SPRED SATIN YOU USE TODAY

dries in 20 minutes! It goes on twice as fast as ordinary paint. Has no unpleasant odor, no fumes. You can use either brush or roller—wash them in water; no turpentine, spirits or other extras to buy. SPRED SATIN can be touched up. It shows no brush marks, lap marks, does not sag. It does not streak or burnish. It can be washed or scrubbed and colors stay fresh looking for years—that's why we say—"paint with Glidden SPRED SATIN AND YOU DON'T NEED TO PAINT AGAIN UNTIL YOU WANT TO CHANGE COLORS."

**$5.69 Gal.**

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## GLIDDEN DRAMATONE COLOR RECIPE

–SPRED SATIN *Blueberry*—Dramatone color D-162 –SPEED-WALL semi-gloss enamel *Blueberry*—Dramatone color D-162 –SPEED-WALL alkyd flat enamel *Aegean Mist*—Dramatone color D-164 –SPEED-WALL semi-gloss enamel *White* –SPRED SATIN *White* –Glidden FLORENAMEL *Blue*

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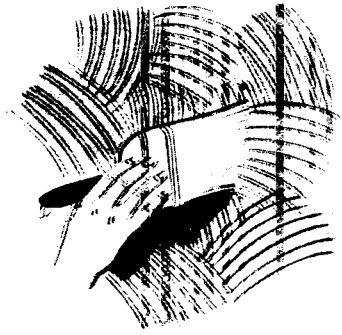
# How famous [redacted] family you solve every painting



## FOR TEXTURED WALLS mix SPRED TEXTURE

with SPRED SATIN. You make patterns with a whisk broom, roller, sponge or trowel. Gives walls or ceilings a distinctive look. Excellent for hiding cracks and other defects, drywall joints or plaster.

## EASY PATCHING with SPRED PATCH

Comes ready to use. This latex material is a new development—will not shrink, crack or crumble. You sand it quickly and easily to a smooth finish. Paint over it with either latex or any other paint.

## Glidden SPEED-WALL

the finest enamel alkyd finish for walls and woodwork. Comes in both semi-gloss and flat. Brushes on smoothly, easily; dries quickly, excellent washability. Color matched to SPRED SATIN by the Dramatone system.

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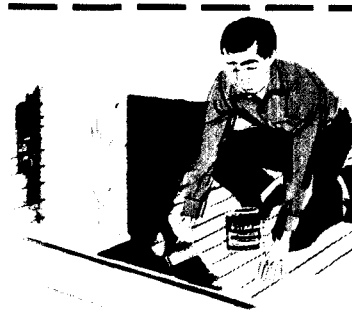
# and other Glidden Products help problem...inside and outside

## FOR BATHROOMS, KITCHENS, FURNITURE

use brilliant, high gloss JAPALAC enamel for tile-like beauty. Glidden Japalac flows on smoothly—gives gleaming finish. Comes in 18 beautiful colors plus *ultra white*.

## END "TRAFFIC SPOTS"

use Glidden FLORENAMEL on any concrete or wood floor inside or out that gets lots of wear: on porches, steps, sun decks. This all-purpose high gloss enamel dries overnight without streaks or brushmarks.



## FOR CONCRETE FLOORS,

basements, utility rooms, breezeways and sheltered patios, Glidden PLI-NAMEL resists scuffing and scraping, can be scrubbed because it's a rubber-base, high gloss enamel that is made to stick where others fail!

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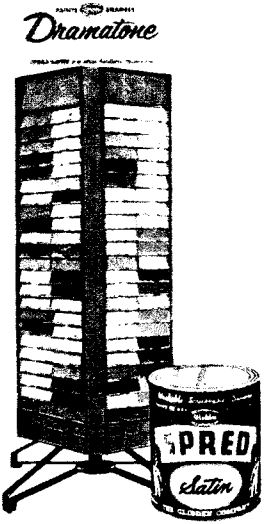
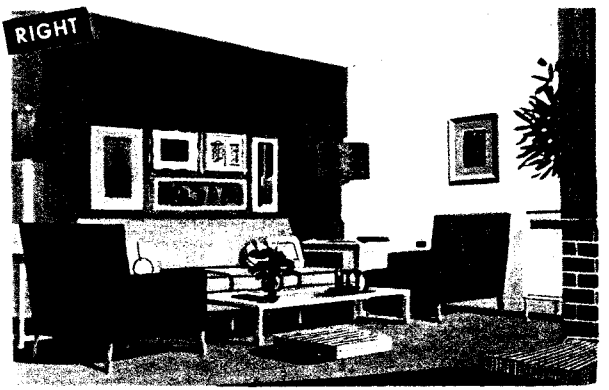



# Now you can cut your

Here's a real, time-saving combination for do-it-yourselfers—fast applying, fast 20-minute drying SPRED SATIN and the DRAMATONE decorating system. It's a work-saving team, cuts your painting time by making painting easier at every step in the job from planning to paint, right through to cleaning up after painting.




**Dramatone system helps you do professional looking job**

Good decorating! New wall color adds needed accent. Room seems larger and furnishings are enhanced by use of complementary colors on walls.

**Dramatone color system avoids these decorating mistakes**

Too much of one color in furnishings and walls makes room monotonous and dull. Color contrast is missing. Room lacks interest.

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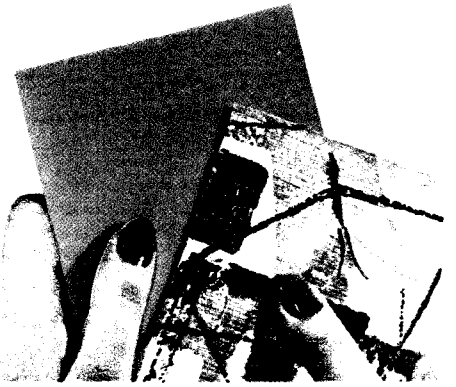
# painting time 3 to 5 hours per room!

*Glidden Dramatone color system is new quick way to make expert color selection. Decorating information on back of chips leaves nothing to chance!*

The Dramatone system gives you all the new, popular colors on big, 4-inch paint chips. Pads of chips as shown in the display on the left-hand page make it easy for you to tear off samples of colors you like to take home for study. The large size makes them easy to compare with your draperies, carpeting, upholstery and other furnishings.



The backs of each Dramatone color chip contain the decorating information for the particular color. Shown below is the back of a SPRED SATIN Dramatone color chip. Note that all harmonizing SPRED SATIN and SPEEDWALL (woodwork) colors are shown by number. And harmonizing colors for furnishing fabrics, draperies and carpet tones are shown by name. Where colors must be mixed, the chip tells you exactly how to do it and the simple one-shot tube system gives you exactly the color you want quickly and easily. There's no complicated measuring or matching to slow you down!

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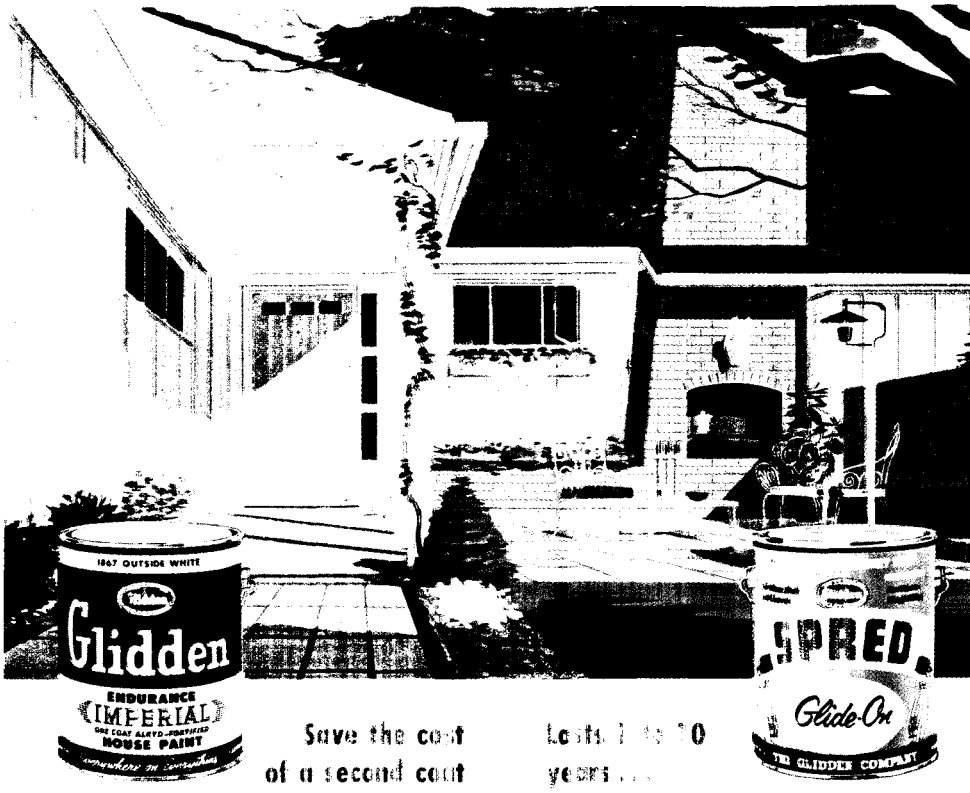
# Glidden saves you almost ½ your house painting cost!




**Save the cost of a second coat**

Endurance IMPERIAL COVERS IN ONE COAT. IMPERIAL gives you double beauty and stays white longer because the whitest, most durable pigments are *concentrated* to help you eliminate the costly, time-consuming second coat!

*In Canada this product is sold as "Endurance Ultra White".*

**Lasts [illegible] to 10 years . . .**

Longer life of SPRED GLIDE-ON means you save on paint for masonry, stucco or asbestos shingles. This new vinyl-latex house paint ends staining, fading or flaking; brushes *smoothly;* twice as fast as ordinary masonry paint.

**FOR COLORS ON WOOD** use Glidden Endurance. Choose from a complete selection of modern, new pastels and rich deep tones. Endurance colors are now formulated to give you greater protection than ever. Endurance dries to a tough, elastic film that resists all weather abuse.

# Glidden

*Pacemaker in Paints*

The Glidden Company, Cleveland 2, Ohio. In Canada: The Glidden Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

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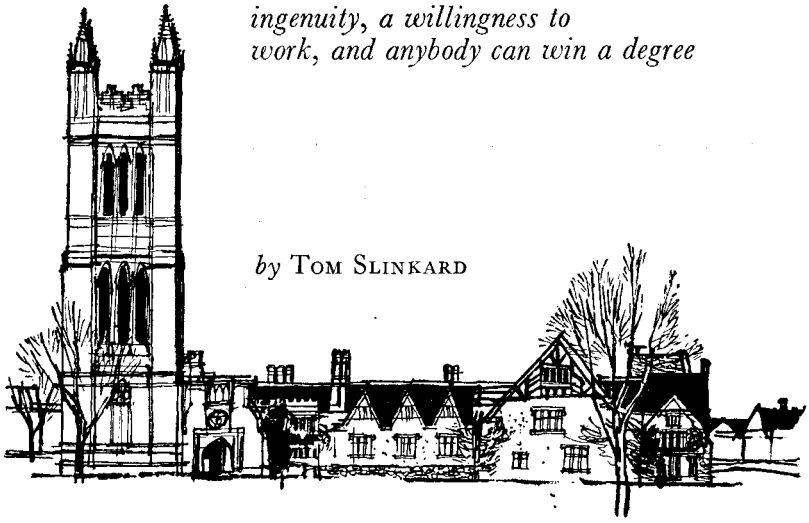
*To this small stake—add a little ingenuity, a willingness to work, and anybody can win a degree*

*by* TOM SLINKARD



GOING TO COLLEGE is more expensive today than ever before. But an average high school graduate should be able to show up on campus this month with as little as $100—and have a reasonable chance of parlaying that modest stake into four years of higher education worth from $3,600 at a state university to $10,000 in an Ivy League school.

Astonishing? Not really. For thousands are doing it.

Last year, for example, working college students earned a whopping $100,000,000, reports Dr. Benjamin Fine, Education Editor of *The New York Times*. And a survey made for CORONET indicates that an even larger number of students will work their way through this year.

The key to financing a college education on $100 is: ingenuity, a willingness to work, and a practical approach to the choice of school.

Obviously, if you choose a college in a large city there will be far more employment opportunities than if you attend one in a small town rich in charm and atmosphere but poor in jobs off campus. But in either case, the dividends paid undergraduate enterprise can be surprisingly high.

Take, for example, Jack Kurtenbach, a University of South Dakota senior. One of 13 children, his chances for college looked bleak when he finished high school. His father was able to loan him $100, but his minimum university expenses for the year would total $900.

Nevertheless, by working summers, serving as campus representative for a cigarette manufacturer and soliciting for a dry-cleaning business, Jack has more than earned his way through school. Next June, he receives his degree in government.

Then there is the Harvard stu-



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dent who spent his freshman year tending a boiler. When that income proved inadequate, he decided to exploit his hobby of criminology. Now he is founder and sole owner of a flourishing correspondence school on the subject, and has earned enough money to stay in college *and in the black*.

The denominator common to both these students was a bit of cash as grubstake.

STUDENT AID DIRECTORS agree that today it's a rare high school graduate who can't save enough from three months' summer work to make a down payment on a college degree. Says John U. Monro, Director of the Harvard College Financial Aid Center, "We expect a summer's work to produce $300 net for the upperclassman, $250 for the incoming freshman."

The next step in financing your way to a degree is to pick a school suited to you. The local library can help you here. It has numerous studies showing how colleges and universities rank in academic standing, endowment and scholarships.

But with self-employment in mind, your choice must take into account other factors, too. College catalogs should be studied to get an idea of size of college in relation to size of town—how many opportunities for outside employment there may be in relation to the number of students seeking jobs. In larger cities, the chamber of commerce can give you leads.

What are your own skills? Can you take dictation, type? There is money to be made typing other students' themes and term papers, but it is better to choose a school near industries that might employ you part time. If you have factory experience, for instance, select a school in a manufacturing area.

Are you a musician, able to hold your own in a band? Here your choice might be a small-town school, on the assumption that there are too many professional musicians in a big city.

Did you grow up on a farm? Schools in rural areas offer opportunities for agricultural jobs ranging from harvesting to picking fruit and berries.

Are you good at selling, dealing with people? Student representatives do well selling cosmetics, smoking supplies, books and magazines, clothing. Local businesses such as tailors, cleaners and laundries pay commissions to student agents.

Jobs can often be lined up before reaching school. For example, for girls, living with a local family and caring for children, or doing light housework in exchange for room and board. Or working with a professor doing typing and research on long-term projects.

If you're strapped for money at the beginning, find a school with an installment plan for paying tuition. Even better is one with a deferred payment arrangement, so that if you get into financial difficulties you can postpone some payments until after graduation.

Remember that state colleges charge less tuition than private schools. But even among more expensive universities there's a growing tendency to allow students into classes if they can pay a third or fourth down and the balance in monthly payments.



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Don't overlook the possibility of a scholarship. Today they are based on potential ability as well as academic standing. The amount of money awarded is determined by individual need.

A good way to get one is to have maintained at least a B average in high school. Another is to take one of the college entrance examinations given by the College Entrance Examination Board. Results of these objective tests, designed to show the student's potentialities, are made available to all colleges.

Until recently, financial need has frequently been a minor consideration as to who gets a scholarship. But this year, so scholarship funds can go to students who really need them, a group of 95 colleges has formed the College Scholarship Service to collect information as to a prospective student's financial need.

Frequently, scholarship aid and specialization in a field of study go hand in hand. The high school student who has excelled in physical science, journalism, speech activities or agricultural work will often find these count more than athletic prowess when it comes to passing out scholarships to colleges.

For the would-be teacher, states like Florida offer loans and scholarships. Church-related schools often make allowances to ministerial candidates, and to sons and daughters of ministers and missionaries. Learned societies, medical associations, bar associations, business fraternities, often underwrite expenses of students aspiring to their professions.

Some industries now pay college tuition for their employees. Others match dollar for dollar the savings their employees make toward their children's education. A West Coast boy currently attends college on a scholarship provided by his father's union. In some 20 states, blood descendants of World War I veterans are entitled to scholarships to state schools.

**For a complete rundown on scholarship possibilities, check your library for the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare bulletin: *Scholarships and Fellowships Available at Institutions of Higher Learning.* It may also be obtained direct from the U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. for 70 cents.**

At Indiana University, John Brown University in Arkansas, the Berry College of Georgia, Berea in Kentucky, Georgia Tech, and Antioch in Ohio, special plans enable the student to work out at least a portion of his tuition or expenses. In the latter two cases, the work is a form of on-the-job training with manufacturers and businesses.

Once a student manages to put himself through a semester or two, he can tap grants and loan funds to help him over financial crises.

Most scholarships pay only tuition. Room, board, books, laundry, clothing, entertainment—the extras of a college education—will cost more money.

In addition to those students who wait on tables, serve as maids, nurses, chauffeurs and housekeepers in private homes for room and board, approximately 100,000 students cut expenses by living in cooperative dorms. Nearly twice that



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number live in apartments with two or three other students, sharing food costs and doing the housework themselves.

At most schools, special employment agencies are set up on campus to help the student work his way through.

Students registering for work as general handymen report to their college employment bureaus each day. They may baby-sit one day, wash windows, mow lawns, or chauffeur an invalid about the city on the next day.

Hourly wages for these students range from 50 cents in small towns to $1.25 in cities. But without a number of such jobs on a regular basis, it is almost impossible to make your way solely by them. At best, they provide pin-money.

CERTAIN AREAS have job opportunities which do not exist elsewhere. At West Virginia University, for instance, some students earn their way by mining coal in nearby fields. At California Polytechnic School, several students don diving suits and equipment and work as commercial divers for a nearby abalone fishery.

Night work offers a good opportunity to students in practically every college town. Alonzo Robertson of Alabama Polytechnic Institute is night radio communications operator for the Auburn police department. A Florida State student serves as night jailer at the Tallahassee lockup. And three University of Texas students earn expenses driving ambulances on the night shift.

Many successful college jobholders have developed specialties. Jeanice Anderson, state baton twirling champion, is working her way through the University of South Dakota by giving baton twirling lessons in the town of Wakonda, 17 miles from the campus. At Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Frank C. Lenoir gives dance lessons. Undergraduates whose hobby is magic have successfully managed to make themselves in constant demand as entertainers at Harvard, the University of Southern California and Washington State College.

Stenographers are always in short supply. If you can pass a simple civil service typing test, an excellent chance exists for you to fill a clerk-typist's job in the nation's capital your first year out of high school. These jobs usually start at $2,950 annually. Eight good universities serve the District of Columbia, and you can attend either night or day classes.

Psychology majors at the University of Texas gain practical experience—as well as room, board and $80 a month—as ward attendants at a state hospital nearby. A student at Arizona State earns room, board and transportation costs by supervising children's play at the county home.

At dozens of colleges, students prepare sandwiches and coffee which they peddle through the dormitories, rooming, sorority and fraternity houses. A Harvard student helps support himself by running a birthday cake agency.

On numerous college campuses you'll find students holding jobs from bee-keeping to commercial photography, wood carving, lumberjacking, and steeplejacking. As Michigan State Dean of Students



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Thomas King put it, "Students fill so many jobs today that the unusual becomes commonplace."

Interestingly enough, from a social and prestige standpoint, a job appears to enhance a student's reputation. At both large and small colleges, working students occupy student body, club, and fraternity offices in greater number than do non-working students. The last two student body presidents at American University have been entirely self-supporting from the day they entered college.

Academically, too, the self-supporting student compares favorably with his non-working classmate. Though here a number of college administrators express a note of caution.

Dean of Students Everett Chandler of California Polytechnic puts it this way: "In college life, which is not based on the 40-hour week, it's possible to budget one's time so that roughly 56 hours go for sleep, 21 for eating and personal needs, 50 for classes and study, with the remaining 41 hours set aside for work or play, perhaps on a half-and-half basis.

"If a student budgets his time and balances his load properly, he usually does, brain cell for brain cell, an equal or better job than the person who does not."

The combination of work and study, rather than being an unpleasant compromise born of necessity, has proved to be, as college administrators and self-supporting students frequently point out, a boon toward future success.


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*Every game is a crisis in the "strange, wonderful, world" of a ballplayer's wife, who proudly says . . .*

# I Married Baseball!

*by* Mrs. Freddie Fitzsimmons
*As told to* Arch Murray

Baseball is not merely a game, or even a business. For those who play it—and for their wives—it's a way of life. There's nothing like it.

Baseball is a world of its own; a strange, yet wonderful and sometimes terrible world in which every game is a crisis. You watch your guy leave for the park and you never know what's going to happen before he comes home, like that September afternoon in St. Louis back in '41. Fred had been in the big leagues 17 years then, and we'd been married all of them.

That day he was pitching for Brooklyn in what turned out to be the key game of a slam-bang pennant race. It was a real thriller all the way. In the last half of the tenth inning the Dodgers led 4 to 3. With two out, the Cards had the bases loaded and big Johnny Mize, one of baseball's greatest hitters, coming up.

For some reason Fred hated Mize. We never knew why, because they have long since become good friends. It may have been because he was a great hitter, and in Fred's book all hitters were his mortal enemies in those days.

Anyway, he did hate Mize. And now, tired and beat, he had to get the big guy out.

Leo Durocher, who was managing the Dodgers then, walked out to the mound and told Fred that he had Hugh Casey, the Dodgers' fine relief pitcher, warmed up and ready. But Fred just shook his head and walked around in nervous little circles. So Leo went back to the bench.

As Mize dug in at the plate Fred yelled, "Better be ready, Tomato Face. You're going down!"

What he meant was that he was going to throw what they call in the trade a "duster" at him. A duster is a high, tight pitch around the head. Its purpose is to force the batter back and keep him from taking a firm stance at the plate and knocking the ball a mile.

Fred kept his word. He scorched two in there around Johnny's nose that sent him sprawling into the dirt. But in between he also curled over a pair of strikes.

It's not generally known, but after that second duster the plate umpire warned Fred that he'd put him out of the game if he did it again.

Fred glared at him, snarling, "If you have the guts to do that, I have the guts to kill you, too!"

And he dusted Mize off again.



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I'm still not sure there mightn't have been a murder in St. Louis that day if the umpire had thrown Fred out of the game. But for some reason he didn't.

With the count now three balls and two strikes, Leo rushed to the mound once more.

"Fred had walked clear to center field to keep me from taking him out," Leo told me afterward. "I never saw a guy who wanted to win a game so much."

Anyway, he didn't take him out. And Fred, 40 years old and so tired he could hardly raise his arm above his head, reached back into that big heart of his for one last effort. He had it, too, for he threw a third strike past Mize to end the game.

I think that was the greatest game of Fred's career; at least it's the one that has given him the most satisfaction over the years. He says that even now, whenever he's in the St. Louis ball park, he can still see Johnny Mize standing there with the big bat that he never swung cocked in his hands.

IN CASE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD of my guy, let me explain that Fred Fitzsimmons is a big Irishman out of Indiana who pitched a lot of baseball in his time in the big leagues. Maybe he wasn't the best that ever came along. But he was a good player and a great competitor. He won more than 200 games for the Giants and Dodgers over a span of 19 years.

He's a big, handsome guy, just six feet tall. He weighs 210 pounds, has brown hair, bright blue eyes and a smile that warms you all over. He walks with a pigeon-toed gait that makes you think he's stepping on eggs.

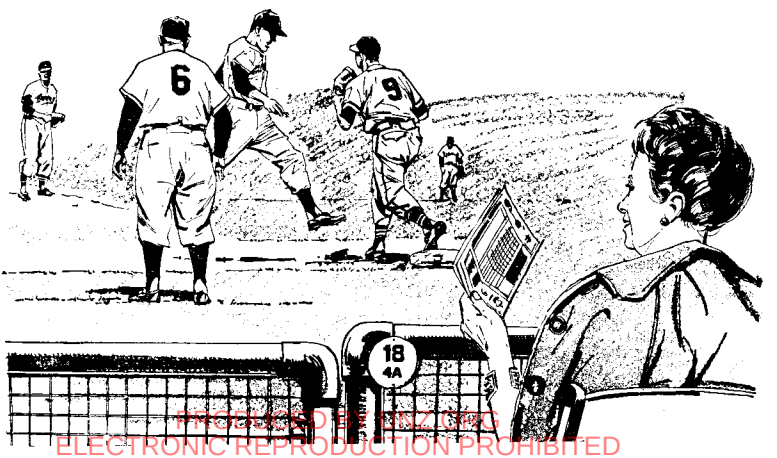
He has long arms that he holds at his sides like a penguin's flippers. The right one is still crooked because of the famous knuckle ball he used to throw.

Right now he's a coach with the World Champion New York Giants. And if you've seen the Giants play this year you've seen Freddie whooping it up in the first base coaching box, keeping the base runners on their toes.

He's a happy guy, in a job he loves, with a team he loves.

Baseball has been wonderful to Fred and me. We have a lovely home in California and live in a nice apartment in New York during the season.

Of course, we've been lucky. In

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his 29 years in the big leagues as player, manager and coach, Fred has been on six pennant-winners and two world champions. That adds up to a lot of extra dollars at the season's end. Last Fall, when the Giants beat the Indians, our share was over $11,000.

Until you've been in baseball you can't realize how much difference it makes in your daily life whether you win or lose. If the Giants lose, I can have the finest steak ready for Fred when he comes home from the ball park and he'll nibble on it without much enthusiasm. But if they win, he'll dig into a warmed-over stew as if it were pheasant under glass.

I can't remember what we had for dinner that real big night a few years ago after Bobby Thompson's dramatic ninth-inning homer won the National League pennant for the Giants. But we were both so thrilled and excited it tasted like a chateaubriand for two.

I never listen to a Giant game any more, or watch it on TV. I'll know soon enough how it came out.

When we were first married, I always sat down in the front seats (near the Giant dugout) that are reserved for the players' wives.

I didn't know anything about baseball until I met Fred. And even after we were married he used to say, "Look, honey, you take care of the cooking. I'll tend to the pitching." But I wanted to learn about my husband's business and so I went to every one of the games, day after day.

The one I remember most vividly was the first time I saw Fred knocked out of the box. I thought they were humiliating him. I was so ashamed after it was over that I sat there weeping in the deserted stands until Fred came and got me.

When he saw that I was crying, he couldn't understand it. "What's wrong, honey?" he said, leaning over me.

"The way they humiliated you before all these people," I sobbed. "That man going out there and telling you to get off the field. I'd quit right now. They can't do this to you."

He tried to explain that every pitcher has a bad day now and then. But it took him all the way home to convince me that they hadn't been mistreating him.

Our only child, Helen, was born while the Giants were at spring training, in 1930, and I used to take her to the games in a bassinet. As a result, even when she was tiny she knew more baseball than her mother ever did.

The old Giant sports writers still claim she was the youngest person ever to call a press conference. One morning, when she was five and we were training at Pensacola, Florida, she wandered down to the lobby



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and told the baseball writers she had "a 'nouncement" to make.

When they gathered around, she calmly announced that she was going to marry Hank Leiber—the big, handsome outfielder for the Giants. "He's going to have to wait for me," she added.

The story made not only the sport pages, but some of the front pages of the New York papers as well.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE baseball. You never know what's going to happen next. I'll never forget one day back in 1937.

Before he left the clubhouse, Fred stopped to chat with Bill Terry, the Giant manager and an old friend of his. There was nothing out of the ordinary in the conversation.

But Fred hadn't been home 15 minutes when the phone rang. He answered it, then said slowly, "Send it any damned place you want. I don't care."

He hung up and sat there with his head in his hands. It was the only time I've ever seen him cry.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

He looked up and said, "That was Terry. He's traded me to Brooklyn. He wanted to know where to send my equipment."

Then he started to cry again. I did, too. This was the end of the world.

You must remember that Fred had been a Giant for 13 years. He'd been one of the famous Big Four along with Carl Hubbell, Hal Schumacher and Roy Parmelee. All our married life had been bound up with the Giants. The thought of playing for the Dodgers—hated rivals from across Brooklyn Bridge—was almost too much for him.

At first I didn't let myself think. Then I began to see a glimmer of light. This was a new chance—a fresh page—I told Fred, and gradually he began to see it, too.

Actually, it turned out to be a break for Freddie. He had some great years in Brooklyn and it was his association there with Leo Durocher that led to the job he now has with the Giants. But it was hard to foresee, that night so long ago.

Then there was the day in '41 at Ebbetts Field when Fred was pitching against the Yankees in the World Series—in the game that could easily have been the greatest of his life.

Marius Russo, the Yankee pitcher, hit a line drive that caromed off Fred's knee. It went up so high that when Pee Wee Reese grabbed it, finally, it was too late to throw to first.

Fred lay on the mound in a crumpled heap. He'd gone blind and couldn't see a thing until after they'd gotten him to the clubhouse.

I sat there in agony. I didn't know what to do. A baseball wife can't go into the clubhouse.

Then John McDonald, the Dodg-

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ers' traveling secretary, came down to our box. "You just sit tight," he said. "Fred's all right. They've taken him to the hospital for X-rays. Freddie said to tell you not to worry, that it wasn't too bad."

I went back to the New Yorker Hotel where the whole club was staying for the Series.

Our suite that night was like Grand Central Station. The phone never stopped ringing. Players and their wives, people we didn't even know, called up to sympathize.

I remember one call in particular, from a doctor in Indiana. "You shouldn't feel too bad," he said. "If Fred were running for president tonight he'd be elected in a romp."

But I didn't feel any better about it until Freddie himself came limping through the door.

There hadn't been a break. He was all right in a few days, but he pitched no more in the Series. He never actually regained his old effectiveness. He won a few games after that, but this was really the beginning of the end of his career as an active player.

But it was all part of the great game of baseball. That's why you can never grow old as long as you're in it. Because every season . . . every game, for that matter . . . is a new story. The script is always changing.

That's why I'm grateful that I cooked a plate of fudge and sent it across the street one spring afternoon in 1924. For that was the start of it all.

I LIVED IN Indianapolis, and one day I noticed that some attractive young men had moved into the house across the street. They were ballplayers on the Indianapolis team, though I didn't know it. All of them kept looking at me, as young men will in the spring—all but one, that is, and he seemed the nicest of the lot.

Finally, I couldn't stand his inattention any longer. I cooked the fudge and made my little sister take it over to them.

A couple of days later, the boy who wouldn't look at me brought back the empty plate. That's how I met Fred. He was so shy then that it was almost painful, but he was just as handsome as he'd looked from across the street. We were married the following January, the year he came up to the Giants.

Fred still likes to kid me about that day. He says the boys matched straws to see who would bring the plate back—and he *lost*.

Maybe he lost, but I won. And that was the beginning of my life as a part of the wonderful fraternity that is baseball.

Whenever I hear one of the younger wives complain, I ask her where else she could have it so good. How many girls get six weeks of sunshine and living in the best hotels every winter with all expenses paid? Where else can boys off farms or city streets find the thrills, the good living and the friendships that baseball has made possible for so many of us?

Those things more than make up for the heartbreak . . . the days when your guy comes home from the park fretting because he isn't helping the club . . . the road trips when you're alone in a strange city . . . and all the rest.

I wouldn't have lived it any other way.



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# YOUR TEETH

*by* LESTER DAVID

*Dentistry's amazing new techniques have made "healthy teeth for a lifetime" become a reality*

HIS CASE WAS hopeless, the 37-year-old businessman had been told. Infection was so far advanced that every tooth in his mouth would have to come out!

Feeling he had nothing to lose, the man put himself in the hands of a research team at the University of Pittsburgh School of Dentistry where a series of remarkable experiments was being conducted.

Less than six hours after treatment started, the agonizing swelling around his gums subsided and his fever went down. Nine months later, when treatment was terminated, he had lost exactly *one* tooth.

Because startling medical events have stolen the spotlight from the dentist, few people are aware of the dramatic strides dentistry has been making. Exactly how great they are will amaze you.

"Within the past ten years," the American Dental Association reports, "dentistry has developed new techniques for saving teeth not available before. As a result of these techniques, the expression 'healthy teeth for a lifetime' is no longer a vain hope but a reality."

As recently as five years ago, the ADA points out, if decay had progressed to the pulp chamber, or nerve, the dentist knew he would probably end up reaching for the Novocain and the extraction instrument. Today, with newly developed methods of treatment, that tooth may be saved!

As a result, you can forget the long-accepted notions that loss of the teeth in middle or later years must be considered as a part of the aging process, along with graying hair and wrinkles.

It may astonish you to learn that decay is not the main reason why adults lose their teeth. The actual menace is periodontal—or gum and bone—disease, *which accounts for up to eighty per cent of all teeth lost by adults after 35.* Probably eight out of



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ten persons have never even heard of this malady.

Periodontal disease often begins as gingivitis, a gum inflammation that starts when tartar and bits of food accumulate around the gum line or just inside it. The gums retreat under the pressure and, if untreated, so-called "pyorrhea" results. The gums swell and pull away from the neck of the tooth, forming a pocket which shelters bacteria.

Eventually the infection works its way down to the bone, weakening the supports of the teeth, which often literally fall out. In almost all instances, the condition develops slowly and insidiously.

Ten years ago, even moderately advanced cases frequently were regarded as hopeless. But today the disease not only can be prevented but also completely cured in the majority of cases.

Bit by bit, investigators discovered that infection actually was not the cause but only the result. They found the cause involved a breakdown of structures surrounding the tooth, so they changed the name of the condition from "pyorrhea" to periodontal disease. Specifically, the trouble stemmed from a combination of causes and the new attack aimed at eliminating each one.

INFECTION CAN START, it was found, because of an unequal bite which strains the gums and bone. So periodontists, as the dental specialists treating the condition are called, clean out the affected area and then equalize the patient's bite to make the teeth meet and mesh together.

It can start because of lazy chewing habits which do not give the teeth enough exercise. So the patient is cautioned to masticate properly.

It can come from improper tooth-brushing, fingernail biting, missing teeth, defective fillings, ill-fitting crowns, unconscious teeth-clenching and faulty nutrition. These are corrected.

It can come, curiously enough, from emotional disturbances.

Dr. Samuel Charles Miller, of the New York University College of Dentistry, for instance, reports the case of a youthful corporation executive who came to him with a badly inflamed mouth. The man, Dr. Miller soon discovered, was seriously worried because he felt himself too young to handle the many responsibilities of his important job. As a result, he had developed a nervous habit of grinding and gritting his teeth. This unusual stress caused periodontal disease to develop.

Dr. Miller cleaned out the infected gum pockets, taught his patient how to brush his teeth and instructed him on a proper diet. In addition, he used simple psychology to convince the man that his youth was no barrier to success. The grinding habit stopped, the patient's teeth tightened and his gums resumed a healthy appearance.

Dr. Lester Hugh Roth and his associates in the Department of Dental Research, University of Pittsburgh School of Dentistry, report dramatic success with a treatment centering about the antibiotic aureomycin, which he found to be a potent weapon against gum infection. After more than four years of clinical studies on over 600 patients, Dr. Roth is convinced that



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his technique can save many of the teeth now considered doomed.

Last January, Dr. Roth revealed the results of a bold experiment which has aroused nationwide excitement in dental circles. He deliberately selected 31 patients whose chances of keeping their teeth were considered poor to hopeless. Treatment, which included a strict supervision of diet and regular doses of aureomycin, took just a few days in some cases, up to three years in others.

The startling results: in every one of the 31 patients, gum inflammation subsided, loose teeth became firmer, mouth odors declined—*and every one kept his teeth!*

Decay and damage to the tooth itself is the next biggest reason why dentists have in the past recommended extraction. But here too there have been remarkable advances which give you a much better chance of saving your teeth.

The dentist now has two weapons in the case of badly decayed teeth he never had before. One is the application of wonder-working calcium hydroxide.

When he grinds away decay, the dentist sometimes finds he must get right down to the pulp of the tooth. In former years, that's where the trouble arose. He tried many methods to cover the pulp, including forms of zinc oxide and metal capping, but nothing worked even passably well. Fully 90 per cent of the teeth thus treated eventually died.

Today, the dentist can apply a preparation of calcium hydroxide—slacked lime and distilled water—over the pulp chamber. This actually encourages a regrowth of the protective dentine, after which the tooth can be filled or an inlay put in.

Dr. Maurice N. Stern, of Queens, New York, chairman of a dental society research committee, states: "If the decay has not progressed to the pulp, there is almost total success. If it has, the use of calcium hydroxide gives the dentist a 50-50 chance of saving a tooth he had a 90 per cent chance of losing five years ago."

If decay has gone too far for the use of calcium hydroxide, the dentist turns to root canal work. This involves removal of the central nerve and pulp of the tooth, filling the hollow canal and sealing it off. The method, of course, is old. The trouble, however, was that it was impossible to avoid sealing bacteria in the root canal even with the use of strong antiseptics. Eventually, infection set in and the tooth had to come out.

Antibiotics, however, have changed the picture completely. For instance, root canal filling based on aureomycin has been found 85 per cent effective. In addition, a number of dentists in this country and abroad have reported considerable success with terramycin.

Antibiotics are also being used



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with amazing success in the treatment of abscesses. In fact, Dr. Edward L. Sleeper, of the Tufts College Dental School in Boston, told the ADA at its recent Washington meeting that many abscessed teeth can be saved no matter how severe the infection.

"Many front teeth, in younger individuals especially, have been so loose when acutely involved that they could have been extracted with very little pressure" he stated. "Yet when the infection was under conrol and the tooth root canal filled and treated, the patient had a functional tooth."

Two chemists have just reported the discovery of synthetic chemical ingredients that may even restore a decayed tooth to its original, undecayed condition. If this is confirmed, the substance of which the inside of the tooth is made will simply "grow" back after treatment, as the body builds up mineral deposits around the new filling.

Martin Burger, a science teacher, and Dr. Edward Albert Sobel, chemistry department head at the Jewish Hospital of Brooklyn, after working for 18 months under the sponsorship of the National Institute of Dental Research, the U. S. Public Health Service and the Office of Naval Research, told the American Chemical Society they believed they had created the chemical components responsible for mineral deposits in teeth. "If we are correct," declared Mr. Burger, "we may be filling teeth in the future in such a way that the new tooth will be at least as good as the original one."

In addition, there are newer and stronger materials to construct crowns and bridges, more efficient anesthetics, longer-lasting filling materials and better techniques for straightening teeth. Research is progressing rapidly on painless drilling devices. And, of course, there is the much-publicized fluoridation of public drinking water which is reportedly cutting decay in children's teeth considerably.

These are the spectacular strides dentistry has made. And they have this meaning for you: do your part by following the advice of your dentist and you will have a good chance of keeping your teeth strong and healthy for your entire lifetime.

## About the Home

IT IS RUMORED that the same person who invented the upper berth also invented the telephone booth and the breakfast nook. —*Advertiser's Digest*

MOST SIDEWALKS are just wide enough to hold all the kiddy's playthings that the yard is too small for. —HOWARD HAYNES

IT IS SAID the FBI has over 70,000,000 fingerprints. So has every home containing small children —*Changing Times*

THE DINING ROOM is the place where the family eats while painters are doing over the kitchen. —Milwaukee *Journal*



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# *The Passing of Baldy*

*by* WILLARD H. PORTER

*The saga of the scar-legged sorrel who became the greatest calf-roping horse in rodeo history*

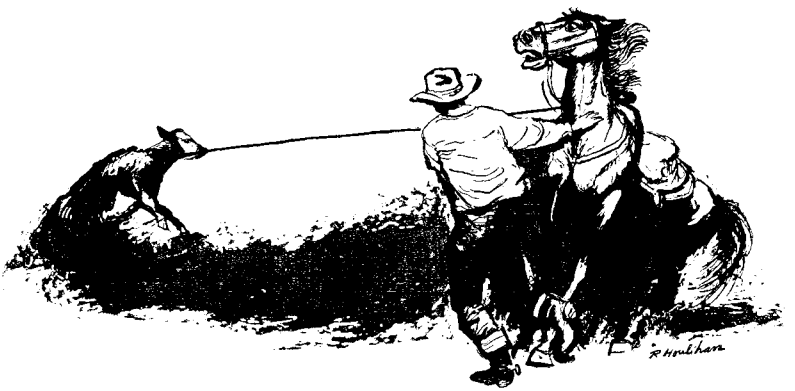
WHEN TOP-HAND calf roper Troy Fort retired his old rope horse, it was a solemn occasion for rodeo cowboys and fans. No headlines proclaimed the event, but in the livestock and rodeo-minded communities of the Southwest, the news spread.

"Y'all heard?" ranchers asked one another. "Baldy's retired. Old Baldy, best rope horse ever chased a calf, is going to pasture."

For Troy, the day was a sad one. He hated to give up this red horse with the rump like a cast-iron cannon and the stop like a head-on collision. But he loved the big-muscled quarter-horse gelding enough to know when to quit; and so he turned him out on his ranch east of Lovington, New Mexico, where today, six years later, the 23-year-old scar-legged sorrel still grazes.

Baldy doesn't look like the big-time performer he once was. His coat is heavy and coarse. The white scar tissue on his leg has left an unsightly blemish. Yet he still moves with the proud step of a champion. Alone and regal in his pasture, he accepts his retirement with dignity.

Troy visits him often, puts his arm around the old horse's neck and scratches the white of his face, recalling the days when Baldy carried him and other professional cowboys to some of the





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highest calf purses in the country.

Ike Rude, an Oklahoma roper, started the young Baldy on the rodeo circuit as a four-year-old. At once, Ike began to clean up, serving notice to other calf ropers that he was "sure-enough mounted."

A year later, as Ike and a buddy were trailer-hauling Baldy between rodeos, a cigarette tossed from the moving car ignited the straw on the trailer floor. Flames had enveloped Baldy's left leg from hoof to shoulder before the horrified cowboys slammed on the brakes, leaped from the car and ripped open the tail gate.

In a frenzy of pain and fear, the struggling horse freed himself from the burning trailer.

"God a' mighty," Ike sobbed, "we gotta find us a vet."

At nearby Utica, Nebraska, a veterinarian patched the horse up; and eight months later, although frightfully scarred, Baldy seemed sound.

Rodeo-wise cowpokes thought Baldy was finished, but Ike had confidence in the tough, Oklahoma-bred sorrel. "Boys," he told them, "when I get Baldy back in shape, watch out. He'll burn a hole in the wind."

"If he does burn a hole in the wind, Ike, he'll get to thinkin' about that fire and plumb set down," somebody said.

There was truth in the remark, for Baldy became famous for his quick, straight stop, the best of any rodeo horse. Slowly and cautiously, watching Baldy's injured leg, Ike molded him into a mount that was the envy of every roper.

Baldy had that certain quality that all truly great horses possess: he was born for split-second competition. He was honest and dependable, always trying. Level-headed, fast and co-ordinated in his swift pursuit of ducking, dodging calves, he carried his riders to top money at Cheyenne, Pendleton, New York and a host of other shows.

In 1942, the aging Ike reluctantly sold Baldy; and three years later, after still more heavy rodeo work, the horse was bought by Troy Fort.

"He won't last," a roper told Troy. "He's got a heart as big as a wash tub, but after what he's been through . . . well, he won't last."

"We'll see," said Troy.

At 14, an age when most hard-knocking rope horses are about finished, Baldy amazed the rodeo world by proving more sensational than ever. In 1947, the year Troy was world's champion roper, Baldy won $43,000 for Troy and two other ropers. In 1949, at Denver, Troy and the scar-legged sorrel placed in the final after setting a new arena time of 13 seconds on one calf. Next came Fort Worth, where Troy won the finals. He and Baldy repeated at Houston, and hauled to Tucson. Here, southern Arizona ropers watched the toughest combination in the world take the lead in the roping with 16.4 seconds.

On his last calf, perhaps sensing that Baldy's active days were limited, Troy took his time riding into the enclosure beside the calf chute. His rope was perfectly adjusted to the saddle, the small loop held ready in his right hand. He spoke to Baldy: "Let's win this one, bald fella."

Baldy shot after the running calf,



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hoofs pounding. Troy swung his rope. Furrows grooved the ground as Baldy stopped dead in his tracks. Troy dismounted on the run, raced to the calf, threw it and tied it in 19 seconds to win the finals.

The crowd cheered wildly as Troy rode Baldy back up the field. No one guessed the horse was nearing the end of a career that had covered hundreds of thousands of miles—north and south, east and west—a career that in 13 years had won over $300,000 in roping purses.

A short time later, in New Mexico, at the end of a roping run, while holding a taut rope against a skittish Brahman calf, Baldy staggered and broke into a drenching sweat. Troy finished the tie and looked up.

Baldy was walking toward him, putting slack in the rope, something no rope horse should ever do, something Baldy never did before. The horse took a few more wavering steps and fell helplessly, his forelegs buckling beneath his weight.

Troy knew the end had come. He rushed to the horse, jerked the rope off the saddle horn and pulled Baldy's head up. Carefully he helped the old campaigner to his feet. The sorrel horse stood spraddle-legged, as if he too realized his day was over.

With sorrow and humility, Troy led Baldy from the field and closed the gate behind him. Then, quietly, he unsaddled his horse and slid the saddle blanket from old Baldy's sweat-stained back for the last time.

## What's in a Name?

(Answers to quiz on page 31)

1. a) HOWE, Elias (Inventor of sewing machine); b) EISEN HOWE R, Dwight (American general). 2. a) BACH, Johann S. (German composer); b) OFFEN BACH, Jacques (French composer). 3. a) HALS, Frans (Dutch painter); b) GOET HALS, George W. (U. S. Army engineer). 4. a) MILTON, John (English poet and prose writer); b) HA MILTON, Alexander (First Secretary of the Treasury). 5. a) ADAM; b) NOSTR ADAM US (French physician and astrologer). 6. a) IVAN (Russian Czar); b) SULL IVAN, John L. (American pugilist). 7. a) MANN, Thomas (German-born writer); b) SCHU MANN, Robert (German composer). 8. a) HOPE, Bob (American comedian); b) SC HOPE NHAUER, Arthur (German philosopher). 9. a) MENDEL, Gregor (Austrian naturalist); b) MENDEL SSOHN, Felix (German composer). 10. a) BELL, Alexander G. (American inventor); b) BELL AMY, Edward (American author). 11. a) ABEL; b) ABEL ARD (French philosopher). 12. a) ISRAEL (Before known as JACOB); b) D ISRAEL I, Benjamin (English statesman and author). 13. a) LOW, David (English cartoonist); b) MAR LOW E, Christopher (English dramatist and poet). 14. a) EDEN, Anthony (English statesman); b) SW EDEN BORG, Emanuel (Swedish scientist). 15. a) HOPKINS, Harry (American statesman); b) HOPKINS ON, Francis (American jurist, writer). 16. a) VOLTA, Alessandro (Italian physicist); b) VOLTA IRE (French philosopher).



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*The Iron Curtain could lift, and the Cold War fade away . . .*

A study in contrasts: a frowning

# If the Russians Would . . .

*by* DAVE GARROWAY

VIA SHORT WAVE RADIO the other night, I listened to a Russian variety show beamed in English from Moscow. I wouldn't wish a program like that on my opposition. No wonder in every photograph of Russians that I see, they all look like pallbearers. They don't have comedians to stimulate their funny bones.

To my mind, one of the world's greatest tragedies was that Karl Marx never met the Marx Brothers. If Karl had watched Groucho instead of worrying about uniting the workers of the world, communism would have been just another word in the dictionary instead of the most hated in every language, including Russian.

Don't get me wrong. The Russian people are not without a sense of humor. On the contrary, Russians from the Ukraine to Vladivostok have been historically one of the peoples most ready to play a joke on their fellow *tovarisch.*

Tolstoi and Turgenev wrote great comic passages in their novels and stories, and Chekhov some appealingly humorous lines in such masterpieces of comedy as "The Cherry Orchard."

However, the cherry orchards got

Dave Garroway stars on "Today," NBC-TV, Mon. through Fri., 7 to 9 A.M. EDST.



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Zhukov and a grinning Eisenhower after the defeat of Germany in 1945.

chopped down when the Revolution came—and so did the comedians. I never heard of a dictator with a sense of humor, and the Communist dictators, past and present, are no exception.

What worries me so much about the Communists' lack of humor is that it may spread to our country. One of our finest symptoms of freedom is our ability to crack jokes at our government's expense. Republicans make fun of Democrats, Democrats kid Republicans. When we're afraid to be funny about our political opponents, there won't be any politics left, just dictators.

Already, one quarter of the world is behind the Humorless Curtain. If the rest slips behind it, too, what a terrifying thing it will be. At this moment, when the titans of the world are locked in a social and economic struggle, I step bravely forward with the solution.

It's very simple: induce Russia to laugh. Do that and the Cold War will become history. Restore a sense of humor to the Communists and you'll restore enlightened civilization to 800,000,000 people.

How to do this when all they think about is facts and figures on the next Five-Year Plan is, I admit,



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quite a problem. We can start right here in the U. S. by having the Russian delegates to the UN lighten their speeches with a few quips. If we can make them say "*nyet*" with a smile, we've won a great victory. And who knows, a smiling *nyet* may yet become a *da*.

Why don't we set up a gag-writing school for young Russians? I can just see great comedy writers of America teaching them the exact and all-important difference between a yak and a boff. These classes would undoubtedly be the most popular in Russia.

A thousand young, fresh comedians could do more for the Soviet Union than a thousand tractor stations. Equip each comedian with the Russian translation of Joe Miller's *Joke Book*, a stage and a microphone, put him on every radio and TV station, into every saloon and local farm hall. The Russians will be laughing so hard they won't have time to do any fighting.

The only invasion of Russia that I would like to see is an invasion by comedians like Milton Berle, Groucho Marx, Fred Allen and Jack Benny from this country, good British comedians, clever and witty French humorists, volatile Italian masters of comedy.

The Communist leaders should realize that the Russian people are bursting with undischarged tensions. Almost 40 years after their Revolution, they still have the most abysmal standard of living of any great power. Out of 200,000,000 population, 6,000,000 Communists —only three per cent of the nation —tell the others what to think and do. No wonder the Soviet State is just one huge repression.

The inspired musical comedies on the Moscow stage usually deal with Ivan, the tractor driver, madly in love with Olga, the gal who digs for potatoes on the collective farm, while the villain, who wants to be a capitalist farmer and make money, tries to steal the virtuous Olga away. The only reason long-suffering Russians attend these feeble attempts at comedy is that the tickets are free—besides, there's nothing else to see.

Since the Russian meaning of the word "culture" covers everything from enjoying *Das Kapital* to "don't dirty up the public washrooms," the expression is pretty counterfeit in our eyes. A Moscow production of "Pajama Game" or "Guys and Dolls" would raise the Russian laugh meter a thousand per cent, and incidentally make a few million rubles for the show's backers.

That is my Five-Year Plan to make the Russians laugh. Not only is communism associated with a drab and depressed standard of living, it also shuts out laughter, one of the most precious gifts God has given to the human race. Gales of laughter sweeping over the face of Russia could temper the discord and struggle that all of us are now engaged in.

Both the Free World and the Soviets have hydrogen bombs, both have huge armies and armaments. But so far, we have the smiles, the happy laughter of men and women who are not afraid to crack a joke. When Premier Bulganin can begin a speech with the local Russian version of "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" instead of the exhortation, "Comrades," all of mankind can smile.



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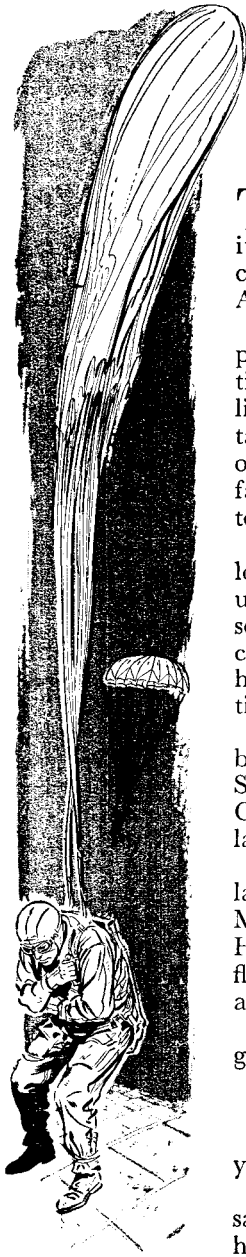

# Prelude to Greatness

*by* GERALD PAYNE

THE AIR CORPS CLASS of 1925 was a singular one—the first to go through Kelly Field without a fatality. But a week before graduation, a near miss occurred which might easily have changed the future of America's air power.

High in the cloud-spotted sky above the Texas plains, pursuit ships engaged a de Havilland observation plane in a practice combat mission. Two of the lighter pursuits nosed forward and closed in on the target. Finishing their dive, they lost sight of each other and pulled up. Suddenly, with a tearing of fabric, and a scream of metal, the two planes locked together.

The stricken ships cartwheeled downward, the pilots, who amazingly were still uninjured, fighting to unbuckle their safety belts. As one struggled, a broken section of his wing swung back and folded over the cockpit. He tore at the flapping fabric with his hands, hooked his heels over the cowling and, kicking frantically, suddenly shot out into space.

Jerking the rip cord on his parachute, he felt his body snap as the silken canopy opened above him. Seconds later the dangling form of the other pilot, Cadet McAllister, appeared and they floated down to land in a plowed field.

Unfastening their harnesses, they ran to each other, laughing in relief that they were somehow still alive. McAllister, grinning proudly, waved his rip cord. Holding on to the cord had become a tradition with flyers forced to bail out. It was a souvenir that would always remind them of a close call.

"Hey, Slim," McAllister said in surprise, "you forgot to hang on to your rip cord."

The other cadet nodded sheepishly.

"I threw it away."

"What?" exclaimed McAllister. "You threw away your rip cord? And *you* want to be an aviator?"

The other nodded again. And two years later this same cadet, Charles A. Lindbergh, made aviation history with the "Spirit of St. Louis."



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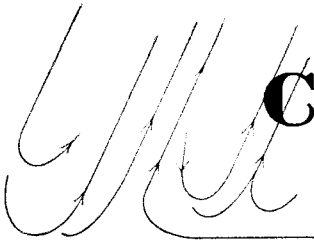

# Clean-Up Man

*by* Mort Weisinger

Not long ago a team of doctors, chemists and laboratory workers armed with prosaic vacuum cleaners descended upon Littleton Common, Massachusetts, and fanned out through the town to wage a new type of medical warfare.

All day long, in parlors from the mayor's home down, Littleton Common housewives moved furniture so that the scientists could vacuum dust from their floors. Then, while nurses' aides from several hospitals coded the bag of dust collected at each home, doctors took detailed medical histories of each family.

To the tall, mild-mannered man in charge of "Operation Paydirt," the two tons of dust in these sacks were more precious than gold. Together with allergists, who theorized that there is a mysterious *X* factor in household dust which is related to respiratory diseases, he had organized the first mass dust collection in history.

Currently, the samples collected in Littleton Common are undergoing spectro-chemical analysis. And if the experiment provides valuable medical research, a good deal of the credit is due the mild-mannered man who helped engineer the project, industrialist Alex Lewyt, creator of the vacuum cleaner of that name.

A recent entry in the vacuum cleaner field, the Lewyt has already achieved a strong position in this $251,000,000 industry. Every ten seconds a Lewyt cleaner comes off the production line in the company's mammoth Brooklyn plant.

Lewyt, a happy combination of engineer, inventor, and showman, is continually on the lookout for opportunities to improve and publicize his product.

For months, Lewyt and his staff had been working on the problem of making the cleaner easily portable. Then one day he saw a boy on a box-scooter equipped with rubber-tired, baby carriage wheels, which gave him the idea of putting a pair of big wheels on the cleaner.

They worked, and Lewyt began a search for the kid on the scooter who had sparked the idea. His men spent two weeks ringing doorbells, but couldn't find the boy. Then the search took to the air. Radio broadcasts urged all youngsters who had ever ridden a box-scooter with baby



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carriage wheels in the East Side area to be at the Kips Bay Boys' Club one Saturday morning.

Among the several hundred who showed up, Lewyt recognized 16-year-old Martin Roche and rewarded him with a free college education.

Alex Milton Lewyt at 46, is a trim six feet, with square shoulders and touches of gray at the temples. A few years ago he received the "Horatio Alger" award from the Association of American Schools and Colleges. His life story, appropriately, would never make a profile in *Pravda*.

Alex Lewyt was literally welcomed into this world with blaring horns and clanging bells. He was born in New York City precisely one minute after the New Year began in 1909.

His father, a bluff, friendly Viennese, had immigrated to the United States some 30 years previously and become an American citizen. A resourceful gentleman, he devised ingenious metallic brain teasers, like those frustrating interlocking nails, and manufactured them in a small shop.

To increase the family income, young Alex spent his after-school hours hawking his father's wares on the streets. Soon he began to devise gadgets of his own, including clothes hangers, metal holders for harmonicas and a ready-made bow tie which could be clipped onto a collar.

One day he read about a woman who had been injured on a trolley car when one of the metal stays used to hold an advertising placard against the curved ceiling snapped loose. Alex immediately conceived an adjustable safety-clip which would make such accidents impossible. He took it to an advertising agency and was told to start processing it by the gross.

The Lewyt shop prospered, but young Alex never permitted himself the luxury of matriculating at college. Instead, he spent his evenings taking courses at Pratt Institute and Polytechnic Institute. Between practice by day and theory by night, he developed into a mechanical engineer with a flare for the non-technical approach.

WHEN THE ELDER Lewyt died in 1935 he left his son a comfortable inheritance. Alex established the business in bigger quarters in Brooklyn and began manufacturing parts on a contract basis for companies like Sperry, IBM, RCA and Western Electric.

Four years later, Lewyt, only 31, was doing $1,000,000 worth of business a year. After Pearl Harbor, the Government awarded him $13,000,000 in war contracts for radar antennas, 10,000-watt transmitters and electronic computers. His ability to manufacture high-precision instruments so impressed the experts that even today Lewyt has a multi-million dollar backlog of government orders.

It was during the war that he got the idea for his vacuum cleaner. He had won a Navy "E" for developing a special device to remove dust from the gun turrets of battleships. To meet specifications, it had to have a powerful motor with a minimum of noise.

One day, as Lewyt was making his rounds, a girl on the assembly line remarked: "What a wonderful



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vacuum cleaner this could make."

After VJ Day, when Lewyt was looking around for something to manufacture that would bear his name, he recalled the girl's suggestion. The Lewyt cleaner he finally developed was an adaptation of the original Navy device.

But his decision to invade the vacuum cleaner market came only after long research. He was both intrigued and baffled when he discovered that while the number of users had steadily climbed in the case of appliances like refrigerators, radios and electric ranges, the saturation point in vacuum cleaners had remained just about the same for the last 20 years.

To find out why, Lewyt made a personal survey of New York's housewives, polling them while they waited in self-service Laundromats. What women wanted, he found out, was a vacuum that would not wake up the baby or drown out the doorbell. They wanted one whose attachments were easy to use and store; one that created no radio or TV static, and could suck up dirt—and particularly dog hair—without injuring the carpet. They objected strenuously to the nuisance of emptying a dust bag.

Using these opinions as a guide, Lewyt and his engineers developed a 12-pound cleaner with a ¾ horsepower input motor and a noise muffler, and a dust bowl which could be emptied as quickly and easily as an ashtray.

Despite his passion for industry, Lewyt has found time to serve as vice-chairman of the racket-probing New York City Anti-Crime Committee. He is also a trustee of the National Probation and Parole Association and a panel member of the American Arbitration Association.

He lives in a quintuplex apartment in Manhattan's fashionable Sutton Place area with his recent bride, who had known him for years but thought he would never propose "because he was handcuffed to his cleaner."

On the walls of Lewyt's pine-panelled study hangs a fine collection of French impressionist and contemporary paintings which he frequently loans to museums for art exhibitions.

Recently he invaded the air-conditioning field with a compact, low-cost unit. This new Lewyt conditioner fits into the wall like a radiator.

But the vacuum cleaner still remains Alex's main interest. Not long ago, in Medford, Oregon, a dairyman milked his cows with a Lewyt when his milking machine went out of commission. The vacuum cleaner tycoon is still trying to think of a way to exploit this fact.

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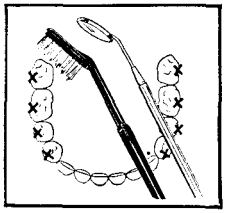
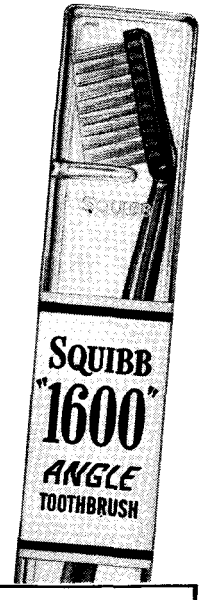
**TRY TO PLACE** a conventional toothbrush on the back of your last molar

**NOW** see how easily it can be done with a SQUIBB *ANGLE* TOOTHBRUSH

# 80% of decay occurs in the hard-to-clean back teeth



...use the brush that's bent like your dentist's mirror to reach those hard-to-get-at places.




# SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

Look for this Squibb product at your drugstore



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# GRIN AND SHARE IT

JOHN H. HOLLIDAY, peppery founder and editor of *The Indianapolis* (Indiana) *News*, stormed into the composing room one day, determined to find the culprit who had spelled height—"hight." A check of the original copy showed that it was spelled "hight" and that, furthermore, the copy had been written by Mr. Holliday.

"If that's the way I spelled it, that's correct," he said—and the word was spelled "hight" in *The Indianapolis News* for the next 30 years.

—STEVE GOMORI

PRESIDENT RENÉ COTY of France, it seems, paid an official visit to his birthplace. A helpful aide briefed the president about each man in line to shake his hand. Halfway through, the aide whispered: "The next man is Pierre. He was your classmate in the fourth grade. You once fought him over a piece of chalk. His sister was your first girl."

So Coty greeted the man with, "Hello, Pierre, my old friend!"

Pierre stared at him blankly.

"We were in the fourth grade together," said Coty.

Still no response.

"Don't you remember?" Coty pleaded. "We had a fight once. Over a piece of chalk. Your good sister was my first girl—"

Remembrance at last dawned on Pierre. "Oh, yes," he said. "Coty."

—LEONARD LYONS

A MOTHER TOOK her seven-year-old to the optometrist for an eye examination and he flashed the usual strings of letters on a screen—things like E U O P G L—and asked the boy to read them.

He insisted he couldn't, and the optometrist kept using bigger and bigger letters until the mother came to the horrible conclusion that her dear child was going blind.

"You mean you can't even read that?" she pleaded as the largest type of all appeared on the screen.

At this the little fellow became impatient.

"Of course not," he said testily. "We haven't had those words at school yet."

—VERNA GRACIANO

CALLED TO EXAMINE an electric refrigerator that was using too much electricity, the service man could not find the reason.

He idly asked the cook, "How do you like the refrigerator?"

"I like it fine," she said. "I open the door and it cools off the whole kitchen."

—*Charley Jones' Laugh Book*



*(Continued on page 118)*



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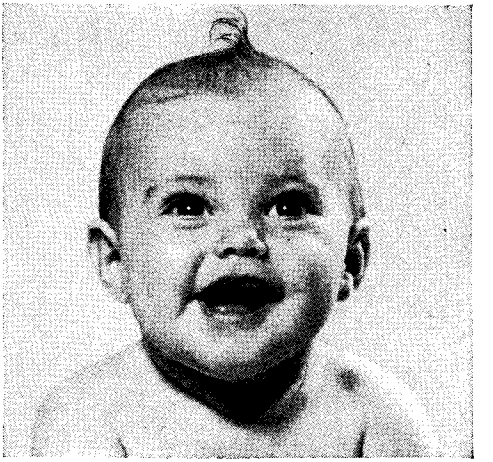
Keep him
rash-free



Keep him
happy
with
Lanolin-rich,
oil-rich



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A MAN WHO WAS an ardent bowler went bowling every Wednesday night, but one Wednesday night he never returned home.

On a Wednesday five years later he showed up again and his wife, overjoyed, began phoning friends.

"What're you doing that for?" he asked.

"I'm having a home-coming party for you," explained the happy wife.

"Oh no," he objected. "Not on my bowling night!"

—HAROLD HELFER in *American Legion Magazine*

HENRY FORD was always dropping into the offices of the executives of his automobile plant. One day he was asked why he didn't have them come to him.

"Well, I'll tell you," Ford answered. "I've found that I can leave the other fellow's office a lot quicker than I can get him to leave mine."

—HAROLD HELFER

WHEN JOE E. BROWN, the comic, became a grandfather for the first time, he was asked how he felt about his new status. Commented Joe, "I don't mind being a grandfather, but I'm a little dubious about being married to a grandmother."

—MILTON WEISS

WHEN NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER was a sophomore at Columbia, he had a pail of milk delivered every morning outside his door. The milkman usually left it after young Butler had gone to class, and he often found it missing when he returned. When he discovered that this pilfering was the work of a group of joke-playing freshmen, he determined to put a stop to it.

Next morning Butler waited until the milk was delivered and placed a note on the top of the pail reading: "Beware! I have poisoned this milk with arsenic!"

Upon his return from class, he observed with satisfaction that the pail was still there. But on the bottom of his note had been written: "So have we."

—WARREN HAMMER

AN EMBARRASSING situation marked the passing of a well-known fire chief. And none of the members of his family have spoken since the funeral to any members of his engine company. For these firemen, while well-intentioned, committed the unpardonable sin of sending to the wake a huge floral tribute inscribed in gold letters—GONE TO HIS LAST FIRE.

—A. M. A. *Journal*

A CALIFORNIAN visiting a little village in Maine remarked to a native: "This certainly is a quaint town. I never knew that places like this existed. One half the world sure is ignorant of how the other half lives."

To which the native drawled: "Not in this village it ain't, mister."

—DAN BENNETT in *American Legion Magazine*

JACK BENNY once lost a $5 bet on a baseball game and the winner asked him to autograph the bill, explaining: "I'm giving it to my grandson for a souvenir. He wants to frame it and hang it in his room."

"You mean the money's not going to be spent?" asked the comedian.

"That's right."

"Well," said Jack, "then I'll just write you a check."

—PHILOMENA BUTLER

*(Continued on page 120)*



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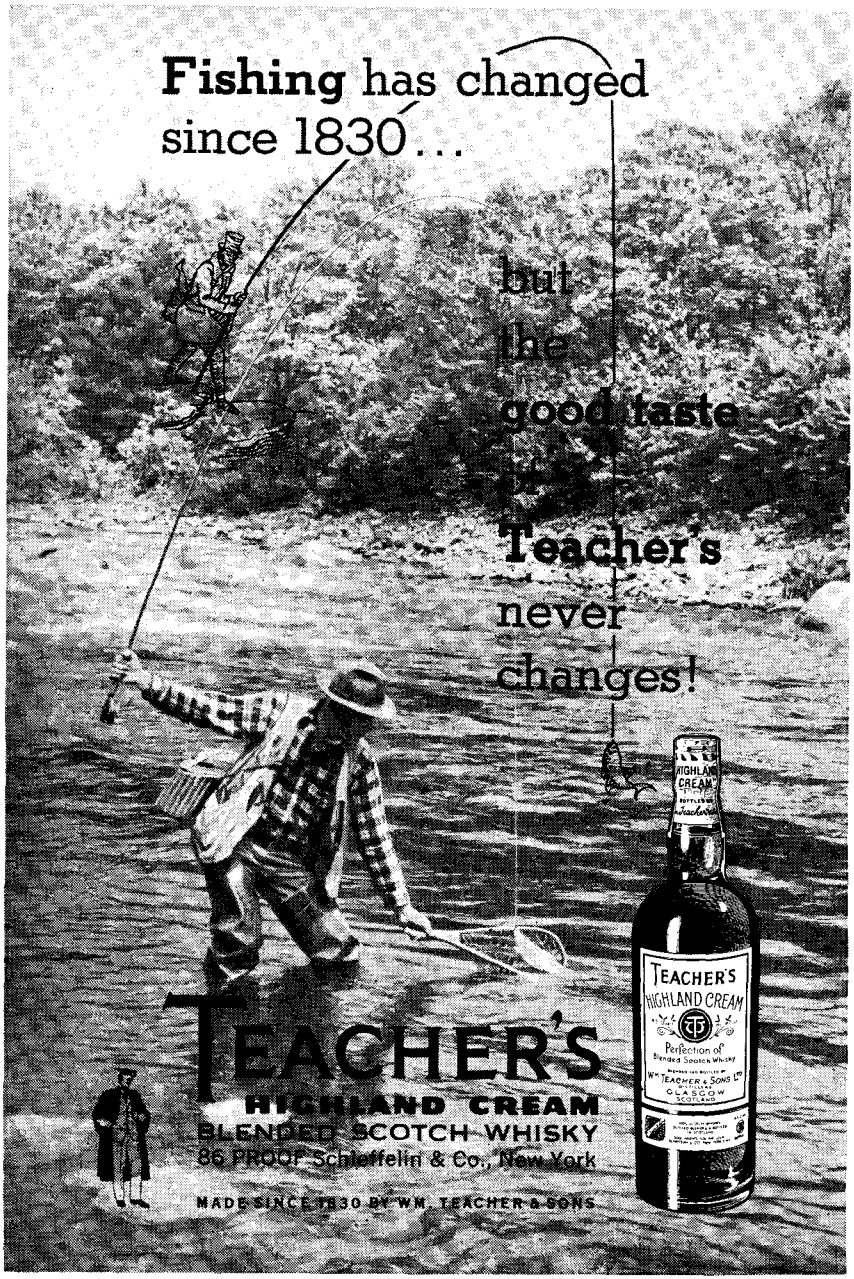




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As a young man, Booth Tarkington was entertaining the actor Richard Mansfield, for whom he had a great admiration, at dinner at The Players, a New York club. They were joined by two Englishmen, one of whom immediately set out to steal the limelight from Mansfield by dropping names on a really impressive scale.

He had, it seemed, bumped into the Prince of Wales in the wings of a London theater, and the Prince had apologized. He had also, it seemed, dined at the Tuileries with Napoleon III—and, he boomed, "The Emperor took my father's arm to conduct him to the magnificent table, and I—I myself, gentlemen—I who am sitting with you here tonight—I had the honor to conduct the Empress Eugénie to dinner! I was not nahvous . . ."

"What about the Empress?" Mansfield asked. "Was *she* nervous?" —*Booth Tarkington*, by James Woodress
© 1955, by James Woodress (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

A woman, trying on a bathing suit in a department store, had been in the dressing room for an unusually long time. Finally, the salesgirl went in and found the customer was lying sprawled on the floor. Hearing the clerk gasp, the woman rolled over and smiled.

"It's all right," she said. "I'm just seeing how it will fit when I'm lying on the sand."—*Charley Jones' Laugh Book*

When Edmund Burke was delivering his famous speech against Warren Hastings, he suddenly stopped in the middle of an idea. Slowly and impressively he raised his hand and pointed his index finger at Hastings. He stood for almost a minute with that dramatic pointing finger while the audience held its breath. Then he went on.

Later, a listener remarked, "Mr. Burke, that was the most effective pause I have ever seen. We simply held our breaths, wondering what you were going to say next."

"That," replied Burke, "is exactly the way I was feeling."

—*United Mine Workers Journal*

An old Virginia farmer had, by hard work and thrifty habits, gotten together a little fortune and decided that the time had at last arrived when he was justified in owning a family vehicle.

His friends urged him to buy a motor car, but he went instead to a carriage builder (there are, it is said, still such to be found) and described in detail the sort of carriage he wished.

"I suppose you want rubber tires," said the carriage maker.

"No," said the old man in tones of resentment. "My folks ain't that kind. When they're riding, they want to know it." —*Arkansas Baptist*

A musician, awe-struck at Rossini's speed in composition, remarked to his rival, Donizetti: "I hear that Rossini composed his *Barber of Seville* in two weeks."

Donizetti smiled. "I believe it. He is so lazy."

—T. R. Ybarra, *Verdi* (Harcourt, Brace and Company)

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## Adventures of FRAN, the Formfit Gal, or

# Al-o-ah-ohs! for Fran

Did I go tropical? Yes sir-ee!
And how those tropics went for me!

Admirals, planters, Sugar Kings
Offered me yachts and diamond rings.

And pretty speeches followed me
From Diamond Head to Waikiki.

Of course, I hoped I'd have a whirl
That's the dream of any girl!

But from the start your Fran was wise
To the way that Skippies slenderize!

No bones, no bind—I felt so free
The hula dancers envied *me!*

**Skippies Panties**
**Life Bra**

**skippies**
A Formfit CREATION

• Fran is wearing Skippies Pantie No. 843—is beautified in blissful comfort. Fashioned in freedom-minded nylon elastic net, with satin elastic front and back panels . . . it slims and smooths with the gentlest touch. S, M, L, $7.50. Ex. L., $7.95. *Also available as Skippies Girdle No. 943.*

With it, Fran chooses Life Romance Bra No. 566, in cool cotton broadcloth. 32A to 38C. $2.00.

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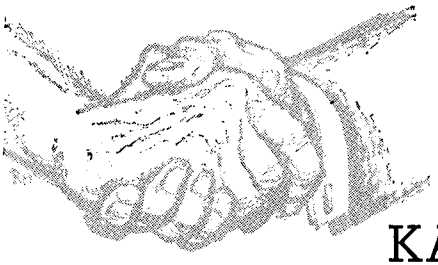

# THE NEW BOSS-WORKER KAFFEEKLATSCH

*When the boys in overalls and their employers sit down together, each finds out how the other thinks—and everybody benefits*

*by* SAM SHULSKY

SHOULD A WORKMAN be paid when he takes time off to rush his wife to the hospital, and to bring mother and new baby home? How big a piece of pie should be served at the plant cafeteria?

Traditionally, such grievances, along with the problems of wages and working conditions, come up for discussion once a year when management and labor sit down to long, feverish sessions at which they are, if possible, finally settled. Then a new contract is signed. If they're not settled, the company and the union have a strike on their hands in which both sides are bound to get hurt.

In recent years, however, more and more companies are discovering a better way: regular monthly or bi-weekly meetings of labor-management committees—generally held on company time—at which problems are discussed and settled as they arise, grievances nipped in the bud, misunderstandings cleared up at once instead of being allowed to simmer all year until they boil over at the annual contract meeting.

The question of being paid while taking time off to beat the stork to the hospital, for instance, was raised by Mr. A. Lovito at a meeting of Pitney-Bowes' "council of personnel relations" in Stamford, Connecticut, last October. Present were 11 representatives of management and an equal number from the plant.

Discussion soon established the company's willingness to consider the trip *to* the hospital an emergency and, therefore, paid time. The trip *from* the hospital, it was agreed by both sides, was something else again, and the question of paying for it was put off for further study.

At these sessions, a management report on "how are we doing?" is practically always the first order of business—at the request of both the front office and the workers. Often this is followed by employees' views on how production can be improved. Then the meetings generally settle down to "talking out" anything that's been bothering anyone. At the close, the entire minutes are mimeographed and then dis-



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tributed throughout the plant.

Charles R. Hook, chairman of Armco Steel Corporation, a veteran in steel as well as labor relations, ran into the question of how big a piece of pie a man should get in the plant cafeteria a few years ago during a national strike which had closed down the entire industry, with the exception of certain Armco plants and that of one other producer.

The complaint put to Mr. Hook was not that the wedges of pie were too small, but that they were not uniform. The practical steel man promptly ordered a template made which enabled cafeteria workers to cut all pies into uniform wedges. Grievances are not allowed to fester long at Armco, one of the leaders in advanced management-labor relations.

The practice of regular meetings between management and labor began at Armco more than a half century ago when Charlie Hook, then superintendent of the sheet mill, asked employees to elect a committee to meet with him. The men were suspicious, but finally agreed to meet every Saturday night.

One of the first problems to come before this pioneering experiment in industrial democracy, Mr. Hook recalls, was the chronic stalling of the engine which powered the rolling mill, with a resulting stoppage of production.

After debating the problem with the men, Mr. Hook adopted the practice of laying off for the rest of that shift the one guilty of stalling the engine. The men didn't object to the punishment, but after a few days began complaining that Mr. Hook wasn't catching the guilty party.

"Okay, I'll leave it up to you," he told them. "Decide who is responsible and how he should be disciplined."

The men agreed, and promptly upped the penalty to a three-day lay-off.

Shortly thereafter, as Mr. Hook was entering the plant, he met the chairman of the employees' committee hurrying out, dinner bucket in hand.

"What's the matter, Billy?" he asked. "You sick?"

"I just stalled that damn engine," said the chairman, "so I laid myself off for three days."

This seeming paradox is not unusual. For once employees are given a voice in the affairs of a company, and sense the cooperative effort needed for success, they demand loyalty of their co-workers.

At S. Buchsbaum & Co. in Chicago, for instance, a rash of tardiness led the union itself to set up a system for disciplining those who signed in late. Immediately this system of self-discipline was instituted, lateness was slashed from 75 to 100 cases a week—to 10 a month.

There is nothing quite like labor-management meetings to bring home to both sides that what goes on in the front office of a giant corporation must soon be reflected in the plant. You don't have to wear a white shirt and sit at a giant desk to know that if orders are dropping and inventory is piling up in the warehouse it's plain silly to complain about cutting out overtime; or that good wages are dependent upon efficient production.

For years, machines in a Western



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by WARREN HULL

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**Answer correctly all five of my favorite STRIKE IT RICH puzzlers . . .**

1. **Who named the Pacific Ocean?**
2. **What is the plural of opus?**
3. **Everyone knows "Silver" is the Lone Ranger's horse. What's the name of Tonto's horse?**
4. **Who is the first U.S. president to live in the White House?**
5. **For what does the Roman numeral "MM" stand?**

ACCORDING to producer Walt Framer, any person with average education and a good encyclopedia can answer the above correctly. However, you can check your knowledge by tuning in STRIKE IT RICH any day from August 23rd thru August 30, 1955. Fill in the coupon below, paste it on the back of a 2¢ post card, and mail before October 1, 1955. Winner and companion will be brought to New York all expenses paid by Colgate-Palmolive, and receive on the air a $500 Savings Bond plus a chance to win cash to be used as you wish. Be sure to fill in the five answer spaces and complete the statement, "I want to STRIKE IT RICH because . . ." in exactly 20 words. You may be a winner!

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*PLEASE PRINT IN INK OR YOUR ENTRY WILL BE DISQUALIFIED!*

Here are my five answers to Warren Hull's quiz:

1._____ 2._____ 3._____ 4._____ 5._____

My Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Phone (if any) _____

I WANT TO STRIKE IT RICH BECAUSE _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____ (20 words).

**See and hear "Strike It Rich" Monday through Friday on CBS-TV and NBC radio, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Company.**

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factory were shut down at the end of every shift. Three times within every 24 hours, the plant came to a complete standstill. Management didn't complain, but monthly reports at the conferences showed that the company was falling behind in an increasingly competitive market.

Without a word to management, union shop-stewards passed the word around: "Stay at your machine *and keep it running* until the man on the next shift is at your elbow ready to take over."

IN 1941, shortly after Cloud Wampler became president of the Carrier Corporation in Syracuse, New York, a labor-management brawl was in full swing. The union, claiming a cost of living rise of 35 per cent, demanded a comparable wage increase. Management argued that the rise had been only 5.6 per cent.

Wampler sat silently while the battle raged and negotiations dragged on. Finally, when a strike threatened, he spoke up:

"Men, your 35 per cent claim is plain cockeyed. And so is management's 5.6 per cent. The right figure lies somewhere between. Let's get at the truth and then work out a fair settlement."

He proposed—and the union agreed to—a survey by a three-man team, one from the union, one from management and the third to be named by the chancellor of Syracuse University. The survey showed living costs had risen 14.8 per cent. The company put through a 19 per cent wage increase and hasn't had any labor trouble since.

That initial experience of talking things out led to the establishment of the Carrier Cabinet, made up of 161 officers, division and department heads, and key employees. They meet once a month—on the first Monday evening following the corporation's monthly board of directors meeting—and get the same data that is given the directors.

New England factories are generally credited with originating these monthly sessions for talking out problems and differences. But in addition to Armco's plan, at least one other outstandingly successful program originated outside New England. This is the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad's "cooperative plan," now in its thirty-second year.

When the big railroad strike of 1922 was finally settled and while both sides were still licking their wounds, Otto S. Beyer, tall, rawboned mechanical engineer on the B & O, decided the time had come to do something about improving relations. Taking with him William H. Johnston, head of the International Association of Machinists, Beyer approached B & O's president, Daniel Willard, with the idea of getting labor to sit down with management on everyday problems. Willard agreed to give it a try.

For its first test, Beyer chose one of the most troublesome spots on the system—the shops at Glenwood, Pennsylvania, which the road contended stood at the bottom of the list in workmanship and efficiency. He went there and listened to shopmen indignant about their bosses, management men complaining about poor work.

Gradually, shuttling back and forth between the two groups, he was able to bring about a meeting of minds. The union won an over-



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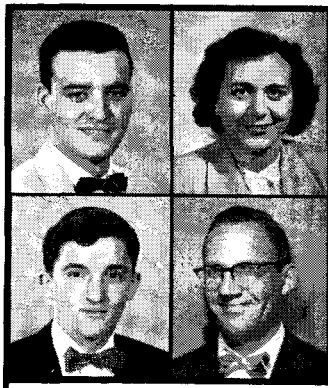

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hauling of the tools; the few workers who had been causing trouble and blocking production, and whom management wanted fired, were brought to a meeting where the situation was explained. They agreed to go along with the new experiment.

With this spirit of cooperation established, both sides agreed to send representatives to regular monthly meetings where similar problems could be disposed of long before they caused trouble. By March, 1924, the meetings had been extended to every shop on the line.

Since then, there have been a total of nearly 19,000 meetings attended by about 80,000 men representing management and 110,000 representing the workers. They have discussed more than 40,000 suggestions for improving the work of the road, and more than 85 per cent of these have been adopted and put into operation.

Monthly labor-management meetings have helped not only to solve problems but to build good faith. People sitting around a table every month get to know each other and to realize that they are all working for the same goal—a prosperous company which can provide a worthwhile product to the public and continuous work at good wages and under good working conditions.

In some smaller plants, where size of the work force permits, the entire payroll is invited to attend the monthly meetings.

The Rogers Corporation, which makes electrical insulation and plastic materials in Rogers, Connecticut, meets monthly with representatives of its two unions. There is no "head of the table," and one session was held in the local community center.

Results of the meetings are printed in "memorandums of understanding" and distributed throughout the plant. When the annual session for contract renewal comes around, the new agreement is written mostly from the decisions reported in these monthly "MOUs."

A recent contract was, in fact, signed months ahead of time. "That," explained President Saul M. Silverstein contentedly, "was because we ran out of things to argue about."

Today the monthly labor-management meeting idea is spreading rapidly and proving to the world that the terms "management" and "labor" are merely two sides to the same coin, equal ingredients in the unified American free enterprise system.

## Sharpen Your Word Sense!

(Answers to quiz on page 73)

The passage was taken from Edgar Allan Poe's masterpiece of mood and suspense, "The Fall of the House of Usher." Here are the words Poe chose:

1. fled; 2. aghast; 3. shot; 4. wild; 5. issued; 6. blood-red; 7. shone; 8. extending; 9. zigzag; 10. gazed; 11. widened; 12. burst; 13. reeled; 14. mighty; 15. rushing; 16. tumultuous; 17. dank; 18. tarn; 19. closed; 20. sullenly.



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# AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

What sort of future has Sang Gi, crippled by a bit of shrapnel? What are his chances, begging on the streets of Seoul, with his homemade crutches? He has no home, no parents, no schooling. He has a good and intelligent face, but—?

Is his future any business of mine? Should I be concerned with cripples and the needs and suffering of others? When I have enough to eat should I be worried because others don't, including little children? Should I care, when I was lucky enough to be born in America instead of India, where the majority of people do not get enough to eat and some are actually starving? What is the reason I was not born in Korea, like Sang Gi? There are still 35,000 homeless children in Korea. Why don't I live in a hut made of rubble, old tin cans and half rotten scraps of wood in Southern Italy, Hong Kong or in a crowded Austrian refugee camp? Why don't I happen to be a man with a job in Calcutta, working steady every day for long hours, who sleeps in the streets every night because my job does not pay me enough to share even a single room with a dozen other persons—a room without a stitch of furniture or protection from flies, swarming with bed bugs and without any sanitary arrangements whatever?

I am a Christian. Does that make me my brother's keeper? When my stomach is full must I be concerned about others, whose stomachs are empty? Must I? Am I *compelled* to think about these others? Or is it just, God helping me, that I *want* to think about them and because I have a heart, desire to help them?

No gift is too small to give a child a bit of bread. Or you can have some pitiful, homeless and hungry child brought into a Christian Children's Fund orphanage-school and be given a decent chance in life by "adopting" a child. The cost, $10.00 a month, is the same in all of the following 28 different countries: Austria, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

Incorporated in 1938, CCF is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world.

For information write: **Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke**

## CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

**RICHMOND VIRGINIA**



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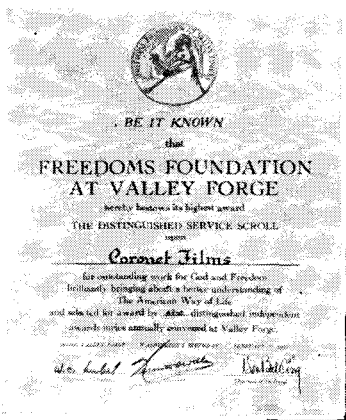
# "A sense of duty and a deep faith . . ."

Since the days of the early Puritans, duty and faith have been part of the bedrock of the American heritage. As leading producer of educational films, Coronet has always recognized a heavy obligation toward this heritage.

Through the American Heritage series we have tried to fulfill this obligation. We are proud of our success. We are proud to receive *Freedoms Foundation's* highest honor for winning top awards for six consecutive years. Coronet is the only film producer to achieve this distinction.

To continue in this high tradition, Coronet announces four new additions to the American Heritage series: *Puritan Family of Early New England, Colonial Life in New England, Colonial Life in the South,* and *Colonial Life in the Middle Colonies.*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# Going to Press

## *The Story of a Great American Newspaper*

THE ESSENTIAL FUNCTION of a newspaper is to mirror each day of the passing scene in all its variety, wonder and excitement. Many newspapers do this job surpassingly well. But there are all kinds of newspapers, and a few great ones do far more than keep abreast of man's adventures in the world: these are the keepers of the public conscience.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* is such a paper, and the Pulitzer Prize for public service through journalism is the supreme award for a conscience well kept. Both were started by a Hungarian immigrant, Joseph Pulitzer. Two months after he began the P-D with $2,500, it exposed the city's wealthiest men as tax evaders. Its crusades have been sending evildoers to jail ever since. They have also built it into a $24,000,000-a-year business with 1,600 employees and into a "newspaperman's newspaper." This is the story of the men who maintain the Pulitzer tradition.

**Founder died in 1911, but the P-D daily prints his famous "Platform."**

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**The late Joseph Pulitzer *(right)*, who was editor and publisher until his death in March, and his son, Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., 42. The latter is now editor and publisher, in active charge of operations, while his son (a great-grandson of the founder), Joseph IV, age 5, is being brought up to carry on a great family tradition.**

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The P-D is an afternoon paper, but its first edition takes shape in the morning when Managing Editor Raymond L. Crowley *(right)* discusses the day's news with other editors. What stories are "must" for Page One? Talk is calm and terse.

The city editor, boss of local news coverage, hands out assignments to reporters. These men cover City Hall, Civil Courts, Federal Building, Municipal Courts. More are stationed at Police Headquarters and other important news centers.

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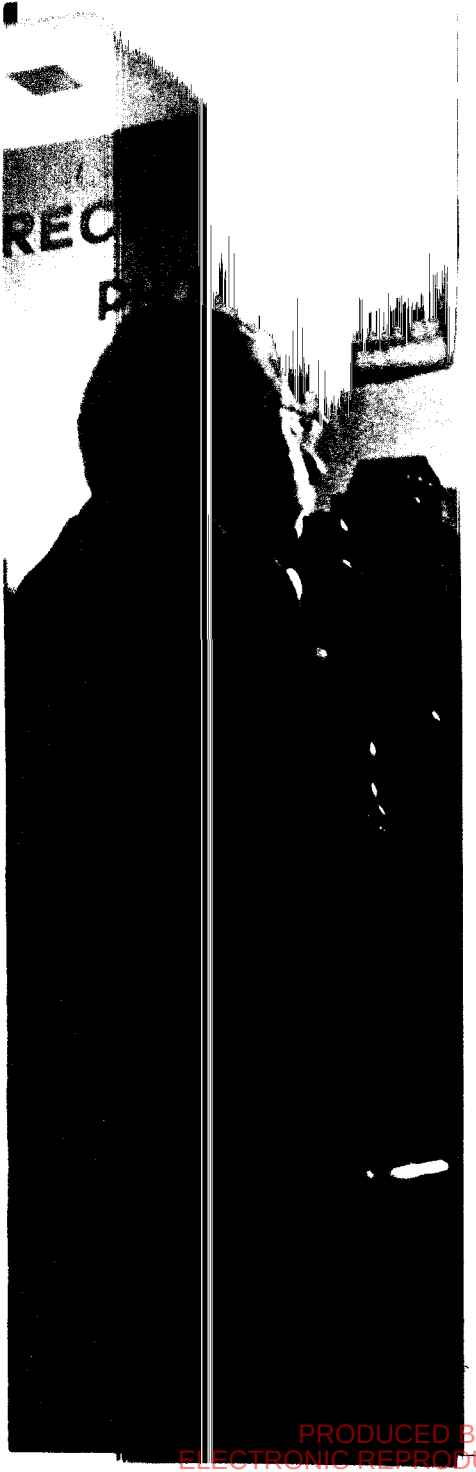

Reporter Spencer R. McCulloch phones in a story. A P-D veteran of 26 years, he has covered murders, Ku Klux Klan intrigues and helped send Kansas City's late Boss Tom Pendergast to prison. With men like McCulloch, the late John T. Rogers, fabulous crime reporter of the Twenties and Thirties, and the late Charles G. Ross, who became President Truman's press secretary, the P-D won 11 Pulitzer Prizes for such feats as breaking the Teapot Dome Scandal, eliminating St. Louis' smoke nuisance and, recently, revealing corruption resulting in reorganization of the Internal Revenue Service.

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Bill Wyant, pipe-smoking, Harvard-educated Southerner, is a rewrite man, taking calls from P-D reporters who trot to telephones from a big press conference in Washington or a streetcar derailing down the block. Bill takes notes and weaves the caller's facts into a story running, as the city editor directs, from one paragraph to a column or more, adding later information as it becomes available. Does the "lead" paragraph tell the main points at a glance? Do the figures check? Is the whole story brief but accurate? Each paragraph is a rewrite man's crisis, and Bill is as painstaking as they come.

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A newspaperman's rewards are few. The office is always cluttered; there is no privacy; tension never ceases; by-lines are few; good stories, products of hard work, get lost in the shuffle of trivia that fills life and newspapers. But let the city editor compliment Bill Wyant for his story, and life is good—at least for that day.

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**After Bill's story is approved, it moves to the horseshoe-shaped copy desk for editing and a headline. The copy editor is the last man to check the story before it is set in type. He knows well the P-D's passion for accuracy—and he shares it.**

**Blood pictured by P-D photographers is not always the kind willingly donated for the sick. Accidents, bank robberies, prison riots find them racing to the scene with the police so that readers may know: What did it look like?**

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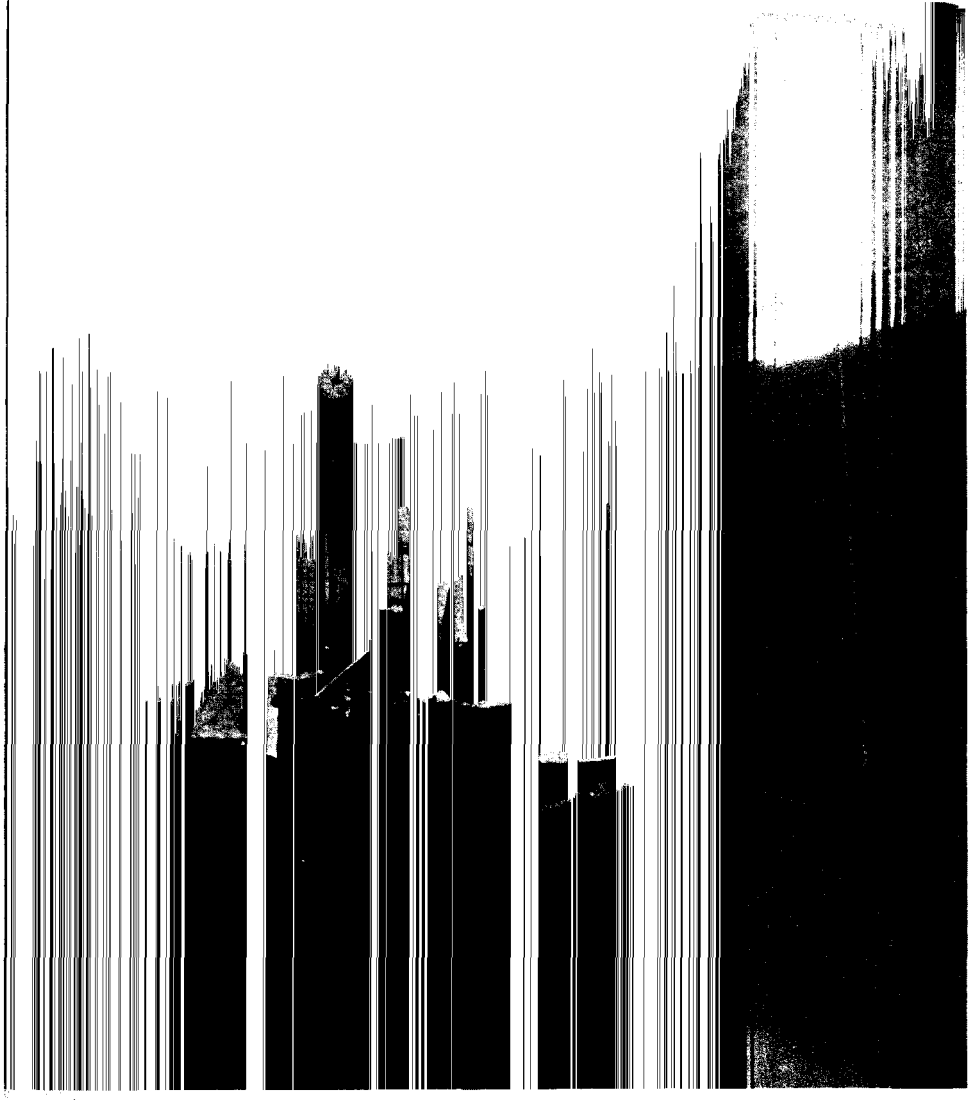

Bill Everett is a police reporter. His speech is as cultured as an English professor's and if he carries his press card, he wouldn't dream of sticking it into the band of his hat. Cops know and like Bill, tell him as much as they can, whether he is making rounds at City Jail or following a squad car into the slums. Life isn't always harsh and hurried on the police beat. Everett stops at a famous lock-up cell where, after a vagrant's release, cops found on the wall a drawing of Christ on the cross, complete except for one hand. So they put glass over the drawing to protect it, and no longer use the cell. Who was the artist? His name is unknown!

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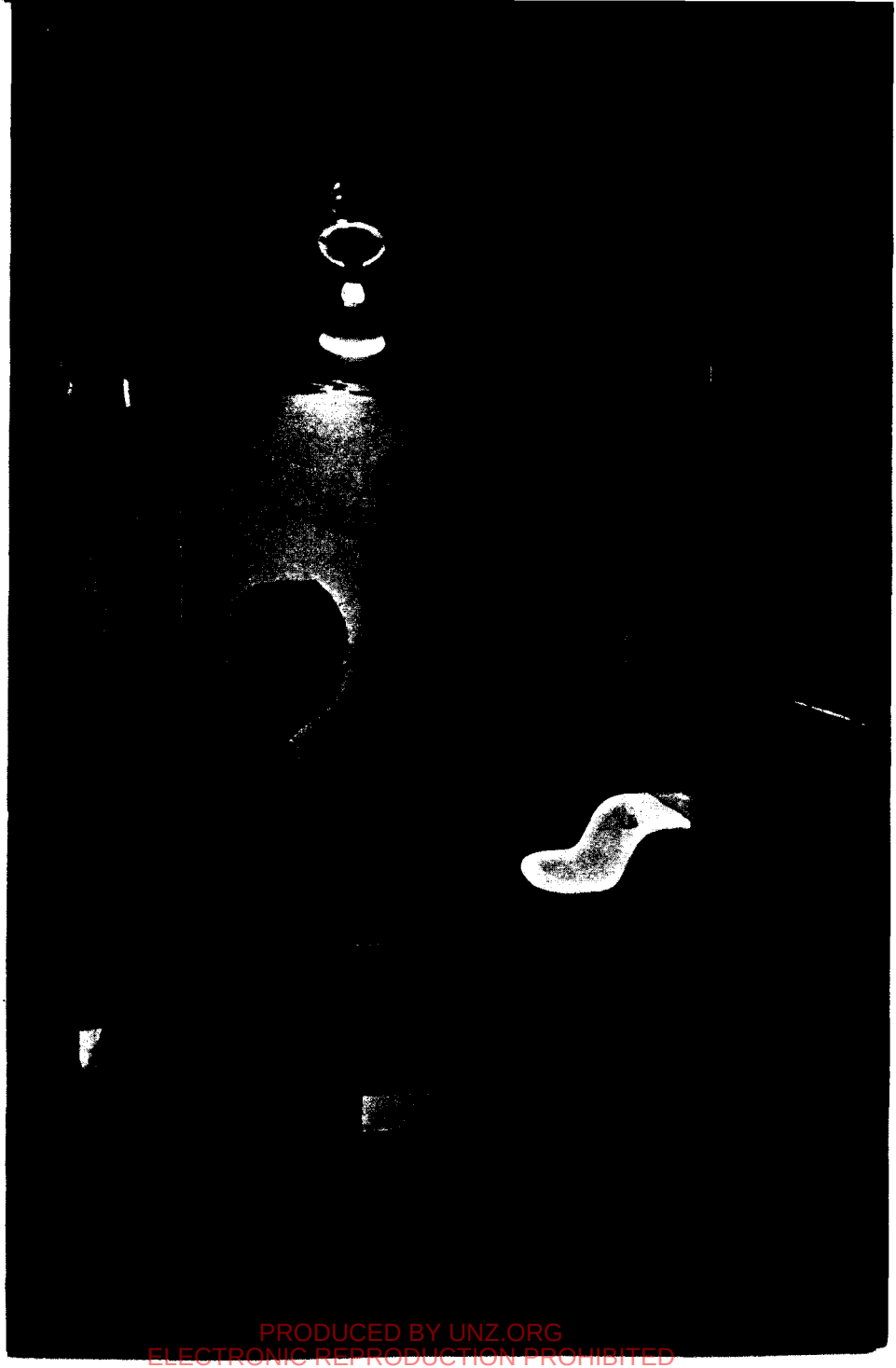

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**The weekly rotogravure section,** ***Pictures,*** **edited by Julius Klyman** ***(holding***
**reason: the staff's attempt to do better each week by a highly critical examination**

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*paper)* **is one of the country's best. One of the issue just coming off the press.**

Skinny Daniel R. ("Fitz") Fitzpatrick, ranked among the top cartoonists in the business, needles pompous and predatory personages in his simple, broadstroke drawings. A politician once wailed: "I can write a letter about those editorials, but what can you do about that feller that draws the pitchers?"

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Sports are packaged in a section that can be pulled out by the head of a house while the family divides the rest of the paper. Sports writer Robert Morrison reports on a baseball game to a telegraph operator who transmits it to the office.

No St. Louis wedding is official without the knowledge (and occasional assistance) of Mrs. Margaret Ruhl *(left)*, society editor for 32 years. Of formidable physique, "Maggie" can still race to the nearest telephone with the nimblest cub reporter.

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**The longevity of P-D men is proverbial. Reporters with less than 10 years' service are considered "new boys," and a feature writer who retired not long ago, after 64 years, still contributes articles. Turn-over is slow, even among messengers like O. C. Woolley, long a fixture around the place.**

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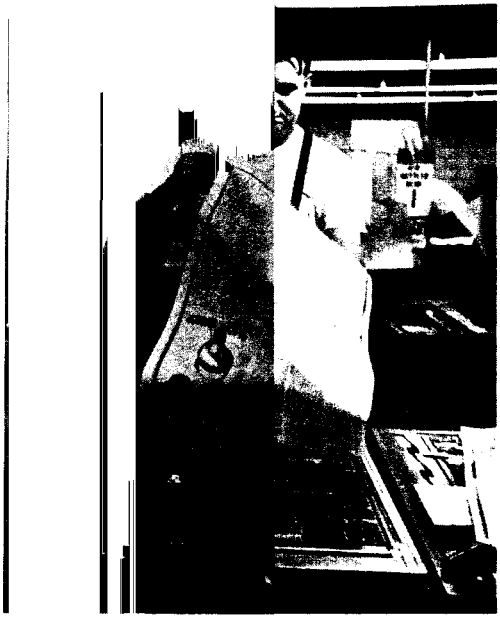

Pulling proof of the editorial page gives Printer Melvin Niemann first look at one of the most outspoken and controversial products in American journalism.

Finished page goes next to the stereotype department where pages are prepared for printing. A survey of publishers rated the P-D second among U.S. newspapers, outranked only by the encyclopedic New York *Times*. Employees are proud of this.

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George Bauer watches papers emerge from presses, alert for any mishap. When the first P-D opened shop, 987 copies of a four-page issue creaked onto the street in a lone wheelbarrow. Today, high-speed presses run off about 400,000 copies on weekdays, 500,000 on Sunday, for widespread distribution by truck, plane, rail.

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But the familiar newsboy is st
ing symbol of the paper to its

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*A little innocent galanterie now and then is relished by the best of men*

# *Go Ahead and Flirt!*

*by* ELAINE WHITEHILL

I AM A HOUSEWIFE, mother of three young boys, PTA officer, garden club member—and flirt. It adds up to a very happy woman. And yet, the worst quarrel of my marriage occurred when I found my husband flirting two months after our honeymoon.

As soon as the guests had left our new apartment, I remember launching into a noisy, tearful speech that started, "I suppose that 'forsaking-all-others' stuff was just for me!"

I even got my suitcase out, only by then I had quieted down to the tired sniffle stage and my husband was able to answer me. He gave me not just answers for an argument, but answers for living.

"You certainly spent a lot of time with Mary," I charged.

"I was enjoying myself," he answered.

"But the way you were looking at her was so personal," I said.

"We're people."

"But it was so man-to-woman," I said.

"Naturally."

"But your eyes were shining," I said. (Sniffling here.)

"She's pretty and charming."

"*Her* eyes were shining," I said.

"I guess she thinks *I'm* pretty and charming." He looked at me with

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something better and softer and warmer than the gleam Mary got (and I got the gleam, too) and he asked: "Did we look as though we were planning anything?"

"No," I admitted.

"Did we look sorry we weren't planning anything?"

"No," I said.

"And what were you doing while I was with Mary?"

I didn't know he'd noticed. I had been talking with Mary's husband, Steve, who had some exciting things to say about the theater where he works, and I was trying not to look as wide-eyed and impressed as I felt. He also had some delightful things to say about the way I had decorated my home and my person, and I must admit his eyes were shining, too. I was trying to keep my own expression blank, as I felt a respectable married woman should.

When my husband got all this information from me, he pointed out that while he and Mary and Steve were honest, I was not.

"When your intentions are honorable," he said, "why not relax and be yourself? Even if you show off a little, it's sincere. So go ahead and flirt! It's the frozen face that's phony, for a girl like you."

THERE WAS an implied definition of flirting in that domestic dialogue, but since flirting has such a bad reputation, and since I want what I am telling to be entirely clear, here is how it goes in my personal dictionary:

Flirting (married subdivision)—a spontaneous, superficial, uncomplicated, mutually appreciative relationship between a man and woman who do not want or plan further involvement.

And every adjective counts.

I am very strict about who qualifies for my list of healthy flirts. Martha, the lady next door, does, although she was furious when I told her.

Martha is an enthusiastic one-man woman who nevertheless greets most men as though she's been waiting desperately to see them. She has an extraordinary memory for what interests people and, even more important, for what they are proud of. She uses this warm greeting and card-file memory, plus an extremely brilliant smile, to mow down the males at any gathering.

"Flirt?" Martha said, outraged. "Not me, lady. That's a dangerous business. It gets you into trouble."

"What about that '*Johnny*, how *are* you? *Tell* me about that *thrilling job!*' " I asked, doing an imitation.

"Oh," she said. "If you mean being nice to people . . . "

Being nice is precisely what I mean. Feminine nice or masculine nice, depending on your sex. And don't let Martha tell you she's just as nice to women. Her memory is not nearly as acute, nor her smile as flashy, at the League of Women Voters. Which, of course, is fitting and proper.

It's just too bad, from a definition point of view, that Martha and so many others think that flirting is something you do with a leopard-skin rug and incense.

Alma is another woman who misuses the word. "Don't mind me, I'm such a flirt," she says. Only she's not a flirt and I do mind—it's such an unlovely spectacle.

Alma was once Miss Peach Blos-



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som down at junior college and she seems to feel it was the peak of her life. She married early and had two kids in two years, but she hasn't grown up yet. Every chance she gets, she's Miss Peach Blossom again. She laughs too loudly, hangs onto men's arms, dances too close, and is clearly available for interludes on the country club porch. She embarrasses everyone, especially her husband.

What Alma is, I charitably call a neurotic; and when she begins to lose movie-starlet looks it will probably be, less charitably, a tramp.

If Alma wants to really impress men she should take lessons from a most subtle lady we met once at a back yard barbecue. She was an Ann Somebody and she could have taught me a lot, too, but I know enough to stick to my type.

Ann was helping the hostess butter rolls at the long picnic table when we were introduced to her. Me first, and I got a cordial smile and a "How are you?" Then my husband. The smile disappeared and she gave him a cool stare that appraised, accepted what it saw, and seemed to hint: "M-m-m, it might have been interesting with you and me."

Then she said in a low, steady voice, "Hello, John." That's all—like one slow word with the accent slightly on the first syllable.

I decided to butter rolls, too, and watched her greet several of the men this way. She sat with her husband the rest of the time and hasn't been back in town, but the men all remember her—she made them feel so attractive.

And whom did Ann hurt? No one. And who got in trouble? No one. And who was amused or pleased or cheered or uplifted? Ann and a few men whose looks she liked. It was healthy.

When I visit my bank, I have a favorite teller. He's an appealing man and I'm always glad to see him. He knows it. And I know he's glad to see me. There's that little bit of electricity passing through the bars during our minute together, and it's nice. It makes us both feel like lovely people for the next half-hour or so.

Once when my account was overdrawn, the teller phoned to save me the trouble of a bounced check. That's a by-product of flirting, the same as the extra-good service I get from my special garageman.

Could the teller or the serviceman misunderstand and think I'm looking for intrigue? No indeed. People rarely mistake one another's intentions. If they were wolves, I'd have known in an instant and frozen accordingly.

I had an interesting talk on flirting with a Frenchman who considers himself an authority. He is André, a neighbor with whom I'd never talked about anything but the school bus situation until one Sunday evening when we both attended a musicale.

He came up to me after the quartet and said he'd enjoyed watching me listen to the music. (He was flirting.) I said I'd been spring cleaning all week and hadn't had a delicate emotion all that time. I thanked him for making me feel like a lady with a soul, instead of a lady with a mop. He said I looked less wistful now and he was glad to be of service.

We found chairs and some punch



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and he held forth on the subject that he calls *galanterie* and I call flirting.

"Americans take sex too seriously," he said, using the word that I, being an American, avoid. "Which is why you have that married couple over there having such a dull time. They are afraid of being wicked, so they sit together, but they have nothing left to say after the long day. It is also why you have that couple that are not married to each other smooching like high school children in the library. They are either romantic or cynical —either way it is no good.

"To be able to have a flirtatious, light-hearted attitude toward sex is charming, and even a little elegant. One can enjoy little momentary replicas of the wonderful experience of falling in love after the privilege of falling in love has been relinquished."

I have thought about André's last sentence. It shocked me at first, but I accept it now as another definition of flirting. It is not *being* in love, but something like *falling* in love—a self-discovery and communication before there are responsibilities and memories to cloud the simple beginning of the relationship.

With a man and wife, the memories and responsibilities are enriching and fulfilling, but when there's too much spring cleaning and a sudden crisis at the office, and three little boys have chicken pox in consecutive order . . . the magic of the early feeling is buried for a time.

If, at a time like this, I happen to go to a party where I can get some man to tell me I look enchanting, although my husband forgot to (because he's seen me in that dress so many times and anyway he zipped me into it), why then, hooray for me!

Come to think of it, my husband looked rather devastating and I forgot to tell him. I will on the way home, though, with a genuine meet-me-in-the-Casbah look. My movie-siren act is just for him, and it's even more fun than flirting.

## Another White Line for Safety

MAJOR HIGHWAYS in many states may become safer because of a new road-marking system conceived by Dr. John V. N. Dorr, metallurgical engineer of Westport, Connecticut.

Dr. Dorr, a motorist, became interested in the dangers of night driving on Connecticut's Merritt Parkway. In 1953, he prevailed on the State Highway Department to test his theory that painting a white, reflective guide-line on the *right* shoulder of the Parkway would decrease accidents caused by headlight glare and bad weather.

In 1954, the entire Merritt Parkway was so marked. Results proved the new marker increases the motorist's sense of security, helps him maintain a steady speed, and assures safer roadside conditions for pedestrians.

A study of traffic conditions on another highway showed only 14 accidents in the five months following the painting, compared to 40 accidents in the previous five months. Dr. Dorr hopes that his plan will soon be adopted throughout the nation as a step toward reducing the number of traffic deaths and injuries, which last year totalled almost 1,300,000.



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BOOK CONDENSATION

# RAFT OF DESPAIR

*by* ENSIO TIIRA

*Illustrated by* JOHN PRENTICE

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**In the spring of 1953, a freighter plying Indian Ocean waters bore down upon a tiny, four-foot raft. Aboard, more dead than alive, was the shrunken figure of a man weighing less than 50 pounds. He was Ensio Tiira, a Finn, who had escaped from the French Foreign Legion to endure one of the most appalling ordeals in modern sea history. This is his story—an unforgettable account of terror and suspense, and of man's indomitable will to survive.—The Editors**

IT ALL BEGAN in front of the big world map that stretched along the wall of the troops' lounge on the French transport *Skaubryn*. Legionnaire Fred Ericsson seized me by the arm and took me to the map with the urgency that always meant yet another plan.

He marked our position some hundreds of miles almost due east of Ceylon. Then his other hand doubled across the map, coming to rest off northern Sumatra. "Can't you see it, Ensio?" he said excitedly. "This is where we escape!"

We were 20 days outward bound from Oran in Algeria to Saigon in Indo-China, reinforcements for the French Foreign Legion fighting the Communist Vietminh in the Red River delta of Tongking. Ericsson was right about this being the last chance before Indo-China. We weren't stopping in Singapore, and the landless waters of the South China Sea offered no hope. If we were to make a break at all, it had to be done before we got to Saigon.

"How do you think we're going to get ashore?" I asked sarcastically. "Fly? Or swim?"

"If we're close enough, there's no reason why we shouldn't swim. Plenty of other Legionnaires have done it. What's the matter—frightened?"

"No, not frightened," I replied. "Just not convinced."

With an angry oath Ericsson turned and walked off, leaving me to the map and my own torment of indecision.

I'd met Ericsson first at a staging camp outside Oran when we were being assembled to embark on the *Skaubryn*. I knew very little of him. He was a Swede and had once been a sailor. I knew that; and certainly he appeared to have traveled a lot. But he was only 23, a year younger than I, and perhaps not altogether the ideal companion for such an adventure.

I went out on deck and lay down on a pile of life rafts. In about an hour, Ericsson came up and wasted no time in getting to business again. We had to make the break when the ship reached the Straits of Malacca or not at all.

"Early in the morning," he repeated. "An hour before dawn. Are you coming or not?"

I would be a fool not to take this last opportunity. I certainly didn't want to spend four years more in



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the Legion, if I lived that long, which was most unlikely.

"If we're too far out to swim, we can make it in one of these," said Ericsson, thumping the metal pontoon of a life raft. "I've friends in the crew who'll fix it for us."

A mile or two in a raft? This was a much better idea. I had everything to gain, nothing to lose.

"All right," I said. "I'll be with you."

It was the third day out from Colombo in Ceylon, and we talked over everything we needed to do before going overboard and everything we had to take with us. Point number one was to borrow or steal shirts and slacks. We had no civilian clothes, of course. We needed food and drink for perhaps a day in case we beached some distance from a village.

Both of us favored making the attempt at the entrance to the Straits, just as the *Skaubryn* was making the turn southeast to Singapore, rather than in closer waters, where we felt certain there would be guards on deck both day and night.

The clothes turned out to be a simple matter. Ericsson stole them from a locker in the crew's quarters and hid them under a lifeboat. He kept on having new ideas about what we should take, and soon our equipment began to mount up. Two lifejackets, two boxes of matches, two bandages, a rubber-encased flashlight. Both of us had knives. My mirror and a comb each completed the equipment, most of which we transferred to our cache of clothes under the lifeboat.

Next day Ericsson told me: "We'll be off Sumatra at 3 A.M. tomorrow. We turn then and head for Singapore."

"How far from Sumatra will we be?" I asked.

"Not more than ten kilometers, the crew say."

Ten kilometers. We should be able to paddle that distance without trouble. At last my fears were stilled and I was satisfied.

In all my months in the Legion, I'd never felt better than I did that night. I was glad the time had come. The strain was over and I was ready for anything, exhilarated, excited.

BY THE SHIP'S CLOCK it was 2:45 on the morning of February 23, 1953, when I went out on deck and found Ericsson in the shadows by the lifeboat.

"Feeling all right?" I asked.

"Fine. But I'll be happier when we're in the sea."

We stripped off our Legion clothes. It was cold standing undressed on deck. I struggled into my stolen shirt and as I put one leg into the strange brown trousers, I tripped and almost fell.

"Don't make so much noise," Ericsson cautioned. "The cursed watch will be moving about in a minute."

I heard the ship's bell. It was just 3 A.M. But now, at this critical moment, we couldn't decide who should jump first.

"You can't stand here arguing all night," whispered one of the sailors who had agreed to help us. "It'll be bad for all of us if we're caught."

They had untied the lashing of a raft on the deck above and it was poised to go. From over our heads



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came a whispered, "Are you ready?"

"Okay!"

Then the voice, "Good luck, boys!"

Looking down into the phosphorescent froth, I suddenly had a terrible fear that we were too close to the propellers. We were mad to be so close: we'd be sucked back and smashed to pieces. I would cry out and tell the men to stop. But I couldn't speak.

There was a scratching and sliding from above, muffled whispers and the raft was on its way. When it came, we felt rather than saw it fall in front of us and crash into the water below.

The men above said something else. I didn't hear what it was. Ericsson was out in front of me in the night and now I twisted in the air and was in the water.

I landed almost on top of the raft and went down deep into the wake, where the ship's engines beat heavily in my ears. For a terrifying second I thought we were being sucked in by the propellers. Then I fought my way to the surface.

The raft was still close by and I rolled into it. The *Skaubryn* was a hundred yards from us and there were no cries of "Man overboard!" We were free.

Now, for the first time, we took stock of our new vessel. It had looked gleaming and safe aboard the *Skaubryn*. Its white sides and red corners were very effective out of water. But there was not much to be seen of this now. The bottom was inches under the sea, which washed in and out through the strips of canvas flooring.

Around the edge of the pontoons were rope grips and the idea apparently was that a great number of men could hang on until help arrived. Its paddles were intended only for emergency use, not for serious rowing.

While I looked about me in the dark, one foot went through a gap in the canvas and I fell heavily against the side of the raft.

"I hope the trip to shore isn't going to take long," I said. "This is no raft to spend any time in."

We could see the *Skaubryn* disappearing but I was concerned that we should get as far away as possible from the spot where we'd abandoned ship. Its lights helped determine the right direction and I began to paddle towards Sumatra.

I HAD BEEN PADDLING for some time and dawn was breaking when Ericsson said, "I want a drink." He pulled our wine bottle—it was really a rubber hot-water bottle—from his shirt, unscrewed the stopper and took a draught.

I washed my mouth out with the stuff. I knew I shouldn't take too much, and handed it back.

I reached into the plastic bag containing our food and brought out two cigarettes. Never were two happier men. Free. Safe.

"Let's have a look for land," Ericsson suggested.

We both stood up, balancing ourselves with the paddles, and stared in the direction of Sumatra. We could see nothing, but were not worried. Land must be just below the horizon. Ericsson settled in for a sleep and I to row.

Now at last my mind was at rest. I was done with the Legion. Free from the bitter discipline and the



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loneliness that comes upon you in a strange land among strange people, doing the sort of thing that no man in his proper senses would ever want to do.

Paddling along that morning I found myself utterly content. Just across the horizon was the promised land of Sumatra, the end of the rainbow. I forgot that I'd been chasing rainbows from my home town of Rauma, in Finland, to Helsinki; from Helsinki to the sea; from the sea to France; from France to the Legion—a never-ending journey for the pot of happiness that was always beyond reach.

I forgot all these other enthusiastic anticipations and bitter realizations. It didn't occur to me that only eight months before, the Legion seemed to offer the same rewards, the adventure, the activity, the new life, the opportunity to forget and to start all over again . . .

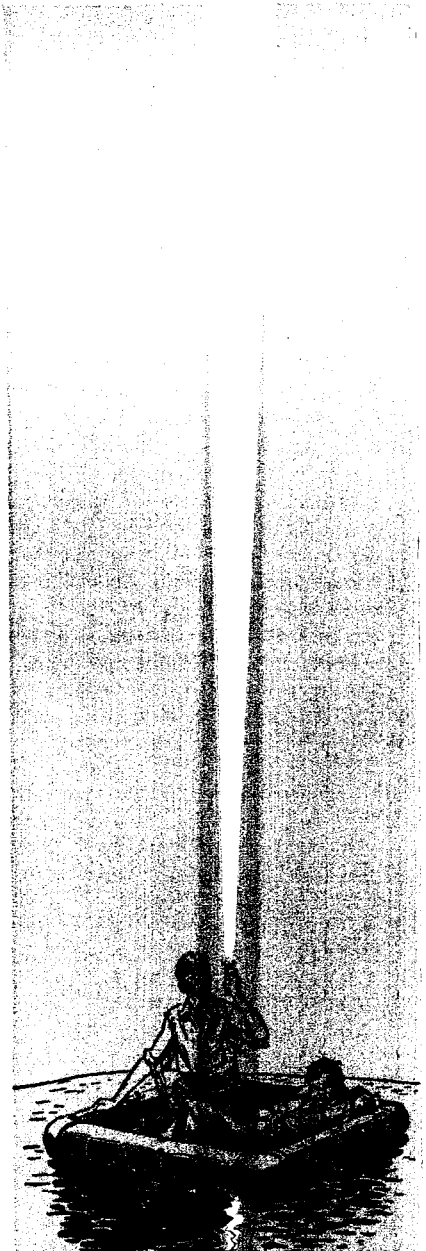
I'd been paddling for about an hour when Ericsson stirred, rubbed his eyes and stood up. Around us there was nothing but water.

"Where in the hell do you think you're going, Ensio?" he asked angrily. "This certainly isn't the right direction."

I'd set the course by the sun early in the morning and knew we were still heading east. "I tell you I'm right!" I shouted back. "How do you know where we're going, sleeping your head off while I've been rowing?"

"If we were on the right course, we'd certainly see ships or the land by now."

I pointed out that we'd been fighting the current since early morning and were still against it, and soon Ericsson's own paddle was





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dipping in and out of the water with mine and we even began to pick up a little speed.

The day was cloudless. We could see deep into the clear green water and spent some time watching the sharks and the smaller fish that clustered in the shade of the raft.

The heat became worse as the day wore on. We were drowsy in the sun and both of us had a nap before beginning to row again.

It seems to be a peculiarity of reddish-haired people that they feel the effects of the sun even more than those with a lighter complexion. I am almost a white blond. Ericsson, a much more robustly built man, had the light complexion that seems to go with reddish-brown hair. By mid-afternoon my face was most uncomfortable; Ericsson's was almost red raw.

About an hour before sunset, Ericsson declared mealtime and I brought out the plastic bag. We each had the equivalent of a small sandwich of bread and sardines.

We took the food very slowly. We wanted to make the taste and the effect last as long as we could. Again we had a mouthful of wine. The bottle was now more than half empty, and Ericsson said, "We mustn't drink tonight. We'll need all of this in the heat tomorrow."

It was his first admission that we might not strike land in the morning. I didn't answer. I knew what he was thinking, and there was nothing to add. Next day we finished the food and most of the wine.

The following morning the heat of the sun was frightful. Our bodies were always wet with salt water and the burning pain of our faces and necks aggravated our thirst. Ericsson produced the bottle from inside his shirt and squeezed the side to show me the level.

"You drink, Tiira," he said, passing the bottle across.

"No, no, you first."

He took just half and held it in his mouth. I sipped my share. My split lips needed it, my tongue and all my dry mouth. I wanted to feel it trickling down the sandy desert of my throat.

I handed the empty bottle to Ericsson and he buried his nose in the neck and sniffed. "This helps," he said. "You still get the smell."

We started to row again but Ericsson couldn't do more than a few strokes. For a long time after the wine had gone, we sat and talked. The sky was bright and clear and glittering. There was no sign of rain. I doubted that I could live another day with nothing to drink.

"We can't last much longer," I told Ericsson.

"No, we are coming to the end."

We talked of the things that might happen to us before we died and said we would help each other. We would be comrades in sickness and in death. We shook hands.

In the afternoon a fair wind came up from the East and Ericsson, who could no longer even attempt to paddle, wanted to use one of our shirts as a sail. I protested that we'd spent two and a half days trying to get to the East and that it was madness to set sail now for the West. That way lay all the water of the Indian Ocean.

"We're on the direct sea lane," Ericsson countered. "The more water we cover, the more ships we will see."

It wasn't sensible, I argued, but



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with little hope, and Ericsson won the point.

He took off his blue shirt, our stoutest piece of clothing, and we pushed the paddles through the sleeves and with our necks to the wind and sitting on the bottom of the raft, hoisted our makeshift sail. It was good to see Ericsson come alive with the exhilaration of our movement.

We went astonishingly well and fast—far away from the shore, far from Sumatra. Every moment we scudded across the waves lessened our chances of survival, every crest we climbed took us in the wrong direction. In merry madness we swooped from wave to wave, sometimes shouting with glee at the big ones and praising our raft as a racing yacht.

"This is better than rowing," Ericsson shouted. "Now we have full speed."

Yes, full speed for Ceylon.

THE SUN WENT DOWN, a great red circle of fire, through clouds that covered the Western horizon. I got myself a cigarette and one for Ericsson. He half-offered to take the watches in turn with me, but raised no objections when I told him to go to sleep. He was very tired and his eyes, he said, were unbearably sore.

"Don't let me sleep too long, will you?" he said. "Wake me if you see anything, or want a spell. But I'm about dead now."

Determined to stay awake and watch for ships and shore, I braced with my legs as we climbed to the crest of a roller, held on with my hands as we sank into the black pit at the bottom.

Oh God, what fools we'd been to leave the ship! I could see nothing in the dark. Nothing! The hollow between the waves was darker than the crests. I could only sense the difference between sea and sky.

How long could we endure this? I'd thought we might last two or three days longer. But not in these seas. My hands were blistered from hanging on. My legs were numb as though they had been beaten with whips. There was no feeling in them. No feeling until I moved to ease the cramps of my body, and then the pain came shooting through me. I was doubled up like an old man and sore and full of gloomy thoughts and unhappiness.

The moon came early, bringing a great white light and thousands of stars to shine down on us. I tried swallowing as if I were eating food and it was dry and hopeless, but somehow worthwhile. Again and again I swallowed and had the illusion that I was eating. A swallow was something though it contained nothing.

Where was the wind taking us? Sumatra? Not Sumatra. We must be many miles from that shore. Ceylon perhaps? Perhaps. But we could miss Ceylon, miss India. After that there was only Africa, thousands of miles across these monstrous waves. I remembered a boyhood game of wishing. "I'll count from one to a hundred and wish for a ship and if there is no ship I'll give up."

One hundred and there was no ship and another hundred and another . . . There was nothing but the moon and the stars and the waves stretching all around me . . .

Our hunger wore off during the



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morning of our fourth day. We were over the first acute need for food. All we wanted was water, and we watched the few small clouds that passed by. We still had some cigarettes—but our matches were gone.

The wind died away and we drifted under a cloudless sky. The day became still, the sun bright and hot almost beyond endurance. Toward evening we were resting dejectedly when an Indonesian prahau came into sight. It was about three miles off when we first noticed it, its big red sail standing clear against the gray sky.


THE PEDDLER OF LIVING DEATH

There is no more contemptible traffic in human misery than that in narcotics. A stirring 16-page picture story depicts the horror and anguish of a young girl addict. *In October Coronet.*


I took off my shirt and tied it to one of the paddles. This was a marvelous stroke of luck. The crew of such a vessel would ask no questions and have us to land in no time.

I waved and waved until I thought my arm would drop off. I climbed up on a float, trying to get extra height and called to Ericsson to help me. But Ericsson had found something better on the other side of the raft. He shouted that he saw a lighthouse on the Western horizon.

I left off waving at the red sail and tried to make out the lighthouse. There was a vague, gray shape above the horizon. But it wasn't a lighthouse. It was moving, and I saw then that it was another ship coming much closer than the prahau. We were saved either way.

The bigger ship steamed slowly towards us, taking shape as a destroyer, a large one with two stacks but no identifying marks. There was no flag flying at the stern and from the letters and numbers on the bow we couldn't determine her nationality.

It didn't matter. The prahau was too far away. We'd try for the destroyer.

"It's French," Ericsson said suddenly. "I'm sure it's French."

It would be, of course. A French destroyer on its way to Indo-China. We'd said that any ship would do, but now that we were confronted with the possibility of being hauled aboard a French warship, we quickly changed our minds. After all this, to find ourselves locked up as Legion deserters on a French destroyer! That would be the end. Ericsson had tried once before to escape and knew what happened to those who were caught and returned to the Legion.

We didn't even need to discuss what we should do. We just lay down in the raft and let the destroyer go by. It would be madness to try for the prahau now, we agreed. The destroyer would see our signals and come over to help. We would have to let them both go and pray that some bright-eyed sailor didn't spot us.

When the destroyer was well away, I sat on one float looking to the East, Ericsson on the other, facing West. If there were any more ships about we didn't want to miss them.

The moon came up after about an hour. I looked around at Ericsson and was surprised to see him making strange gestures with his



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hands. He had an imaginary box of matches and kept going through the act of striking and holding the nonexistent light up to the real cigarette between his lips. He repeated this many times and I began to worry. I wondered whether my friend was going mad.

I looked away, not wishing to see more of this, staring into the dark and praying for a ship.

Next morning we were terribly hungry. My stomach ached with its emptiness. It was sore and painful to touch.

I tried all I knew not to think about food, but always food won. My thirst was awful. My tongue was thick and dry and I could smell my foul breath.

We could still speak fairly easily and in our distress turned again to discussing how long we might live. Ericsson always gave himself three or four days more. I was much less hopeful.

Our beards were now about a quarter of an inch long. Our noses were scarlet with sunburn and very sore, but the whiskers kept the sun from our cheeks and our burns seemed less painful than they had the first couple of days.

About noon a small crab climbed through the canvas at the bottom of the raft and began to disport itself at our feet. Ericsson seized it and broke off one of its legs. There was very little meat in it, but with his fingers Ericsson managed to roll off a few shreds of white flesh which he ate and said were good.

I snapped off a claw and tasted it. Then we broke up the body and ate that. Not that we got very much. It was a lean crab and had little meat under its shell.

We looked for crabs underneath the raft and as soon as a claw appeared we grabbed it. We ate another crab between us. From the two, I suppose, we got two or three ounces of flesh.

ERICSSON POINTED OUT a little later that our usual escort of one big shark and four or five smaller ones appeared to have been reinforced by at least four other big brutes. We saw them circling about 50 or 60 yards from the raft, cruising slowly around and around us.

Suddenly one came out of nowhere, precipitating a cascade of fish into the air, and struck the raft a staggering blow. It threw me into the bottom and Ericsson saved himself from going overboard only by hanging on grimly to the ropes.

Four big sharks, all more than ten feet long, were now loose among the school of fish concentrated under and immediately around the raft. One after another they ripped into the fish. They came in very fast, turning over so that we caught glimpses of their white bellies as they lunged among the scattering fish. They didn't trouble to avoid the raft. They didn't even seem to see it. On a dozen occasions we were tilted at an angle of about 45 degrees as a shark, and sometimes two or three together, hit us.

We slashed and hacked at them with the paddles but they kept coming back. I swung at one and missed and belted again, bringing down the paddle heavily on its back. It lashed with its tail and knocked the raft across the water, almost throwing us overboard and into the sea.

The sharks came at the fish again and again. They were on all sides



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and beneath us. Scores of fish leapt into the raft during these attacks. Even in the lulls that were never really lulls, because then when the sharks were down deep we knew they were preparing to attack again, the water boiled with fish, leaping and jumping around us.

During a "lull" I killed six small fish that were struggling on the ropes inside the raft and rolled them up inside a jacket. If we got through the attack, I thought, we might eat some of the raw fish.

Fortunately Ericsson suggested that we would do better by attacking the fish. It was a wonderful idea. We splashed at them with our paddles with the desperation of our great fear. We beat and splashed and yelled. "Go away, you swine, go away!" We paddled the raft for a few yards and whacked at the fish as they followed us. And slowly we beat them off until there were no longer enough with us to make it worth while for the sharks.

WHEN IT WAS OVER we lay back gasping and exhausted. My eyes ached and my mouth had no drop of moisture. My temples and heart throbbed. I couldn't move. I was done.

For a long time we lay there, recovering our strength and our courage. When I felt better I took two of the fish I'd killed and cleaned them. I cut the flesh into strips and offered half to Ericsson. It didn't taste good. We were hungry and with some water it would have been all right. Now we were so dry after fighting the sharks it was all we could do to swallow even the smallest pieces.

It was my idea and I persisted, cleaning two more fish, but most of these and the other two we couldn't eat.

We were awakened two or three hours before the following dawn by the heavy splashing of water. I thought we were being attacked by the sharks again and it was only when I was fully awake that I realized the splashes came not from the sea but from the sky. It was raining.

I tried to catch some in my cap but found it useless. Ericsson was much more successful with the hot-water bottle. He formed a sort of bowl with the side of the bottle. This way he managed to catch quite a lot.

When the rain filled his bowl with about half a cup of water he gulped it down and handed the bottle to me. In a few minutes the dent was filled again and this time I sucked it down.

The water tasted of rubber but it was wonderful. I could feel my strength returning. There was saliva in my mouth again and I could talk without strain. The tight, constricted feeling in my throat disappeared. I felt no longer that I was going to choke.

Ericsson had another drink, then I; and so we went on. The rain lasted for about an hour and when it ended and the clouds moved away we felt we had had enough. My stomach, which had shriveled with the days, was now puffed out with water. I could feel the moisture in my eyes, in my mouth and in my nose. I was a new man.

That night we were dozing when I looked up and saw the lights of not one ship but three. Ericsson almost fell into the sea in his excite-



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ment as he climbed onto the float with our electric torch.

The three ships were going to the West and none was more than two or three miles from us. We were full of hope.

Ericsson used the only Morse code he knew: SOS, SOS, SOS. And from the nearest ship, which was not more than half a mile from us, we saw a signal come back. We were saved. It is hard to describe the joy we felt.

"What do they say? What do they say?" he shouted, but, alas, my knowledge of Morse code was as inadequate as his own.

"Keep on with SOS," I urged. "They've seen us. That's all that matters."

Over and over again he flashed the SOS, SOS, SOS. But now the light in the ship didn't answer. We couldn't believe it, and Ericsson kept on flashing.

"Keep it up. Keep it up," I pleaded. "They're circling. They know we're here. They'll be back in a few minutes."

But the ship wasn't circling. Undeviating from her course, she sailed on and away from us and the lights became fainter, not brighter, until they disappeared over the horizon and we were left alone in the ocean, abandoned and near tears. . . .

BY THE EIGHTH DAY we were living on nothing. Sometimes we sucked on our unlit cigarettes, but our mouths and throats only became drier and more painful. We sniffed at the empty bottle, trying to get something from the faint aroma of wine still left in it. Our hearts were beating and we could move when we had to, but life was slowing down and one day would stop.

We needed food but we didn't want it. We wanted water. We craved for water, food no longer mattered.

It rained in the afternoon; but not on us. We saw rain clouds on both sides, grayish-black high up and turning to a blue-gray where the rain went down into the sea.

We took the paddles and turned the raft in the direction of the rain. The paddles went through the water, but the raft didn't move. We needed strength to get to the rain and had none. There was nothing we could do. We lay across the raft, not even cursing our misfortune, and soon were asleep.

I dreamt of water and of rain and, either in my dreams or in my thoughts just before sleeping, I remembered the plastic bag. Next time it rained I would catch water in the bag. Why hadn't I thought of it before? We'd drunk as much as we could whenever it rained, but it was in between the rains that we wanted water most. I could use the bag and pour the water into the bottle.

When I awoke two hours before sunset, rain was falling. Merciful, beautiful rain. My fingers fumbled with the buttons of my shirt as I hurried to bring out the bag. It was about a foot square and had double the catchment area of Ericsson's water bottle. We sat with the bag and the bottle on our knees while the rain came down in sheets.

The depression in Ericsson's bottle filled first and, having shared the first drink, we began to fill up the bottle. As Ericsson got his little



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supply he would tip it into the depression in the plastic bag and when this filled we transferred the water into the bottle proper.

We cursed when we spilt a drop and became angry with ourselves and with each other. This was the first water we'd tasted for three days; we wanted to catch every drop. A sharp wind had come with the rain and the raft pitched and tossed, not badly, but enough to make us spill some of the water.

The rain lasted for about half an hour and we got about a liter of water in the bottle. We realized the need for conserving what was in the bottle. But by nightfall the next day it was empty and we were left with thirsts which had never been properly slaked.

THE THIRTEENTH DAY brought us nothing. I slept a little and paddled less. Soon the sun was right on top of us. Ericsson slept nearly all the day. There was nothing to keep us awake. No ships. No rain.

The following noon we saw two ships. These were going to the West and as they approached came very close. But though we waved frantically both passed by without seeing us.

We sank down full of misery and rage, hurling oaths at the departing ships. It would be better to see no ships at all.

I went to sleep that night more uncomfortable and unhappy than I'd been all the time on the raft. The ropes had rubbed great wales all over my body and this night they were especially painful. Mixed now with the ache in my heart they brought me both physical and mental pain. And so the days and nights at this period ran together, a jumble of discomfort, sickness, thirst, pain—and despair. What a dreadful period it was.

I wanted Ericsson to talk, fearing that I'd soon start talking to myself, but he'd withdrawn into his own world of misery. Ericsson was dying.

He lay silently in the sun, his body in the water, his shirt around his head. His chest and stomach heaved occasionally and I didn't know whether he was sleeping or not. He wouldn't talk to me though I tried him many times. And I wanted to talk.

The sixteenth day came and I felt that I was sinking, too. There were deep ulcers all over me, caused by the salt water and aggravated by the constant sun.

Ericsson was too far gone to care about what sort of bed he had, but I moved him on the ropes to make him more comfortable with a lifejacket and both the paddles. The color had gone from his eyes. Usually they were gray-blue, but now they'd changed to a sort of milky white, as if the sun had bleached them. They were glassy and I doubted that he could see; but when I asked him he mumbled that his eyes were much better.

About noon rain came across the sea toward us very slowly and heav-

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ily and I was sure it would end and no drop would ever reach us. It did come to us, but Ericsson was too weak to help me collect the water. I took the bottle between my knees and with the plastic bag managed quite well.

That whole night Ericsson slept on his back. I looked at him many times but he made no move. When he woke I could see that the sleep really hadn't improved him. He beckoned with his hand for the water bottle. I lifted his head and got some water into his mouth.

Apparently satisfied, he lay back. He said nothing but sometimes he smiled at me, a weak smile full of friendship and good will.

He beckoned again for water about 11 o'clock. There were only a few mouthfuls left and he took them all. His lips moved again. He no longer knew where he was.

"Get me to a hospital, Ensio Tiira. I must get to hospital."

I said I would do what I could.

He kept trying to move his body but no position was better than the last. I helped him turn on his stomach and there he seemed to find peace. I knew that nothing but water could save him now.

About noon it did rain and I jumped up to get the bag and the bottle out of my shirt. "Here's the rain, Ericsson. This is what you've been waiting for."

He didn't move and I filled the hollow in the bag and let the water run down into the bottle.

"Have it now. Wake up, man! Ericsson, water! Here's water."

I put my hand on his shoulder but he stayed still.

"Ericsson, wake up." My stubborn and faithful friend, high up in the joy of hope one moment, lost in the depths of gloom the next, smiling and cursing, happy and rude, angry and gay . . . "Ericsson, wake up!"

It came to me as I sat with the rain dripping down my face, drenching my body and wasting away into the sea. My friend had gone. . . .

The cold of the rain brought me

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*"If I have ever been certain of anything, it was that on my thirty-first day at sea I was about to die . . ."*

back to my senses. I had to catch the rain or die myself. The rain went on longer than ever before. When it finished, I had three quarters of a bottle of water, enough for a long time. There was enough water for two, but now there was only one thirst on the raft.

No thought of getting rid of Ericsson's body entered my mind until the afternoon of the twentieth day. Time after time I moved his elbows out of the water, but when I turned away or went to sleep they would fall back. Small fish and crabs came into the raft and attacked the body. I hit at the fish with my hands and the blade of the paddle and threw the crabs overboard. But they all returned.

I finished the last of the water that evening. I'd done my best to make it last until the next rain, but it was beyond my will power now to have water in the bottle and not to drink it. My resistance was breaking down. I lacked the self-control to put the stopper in the bottle and to keep it there.

Each time as I screwed up the stopper I would say: "This is the last drop for the afternoon. Not another drop until morning!" I meant it when I said it, but the heat beat down my resolve and my hand would go back to the stopper and I would find myself drinking, though my reason kept crying out against it.

Now I wanted to get rid of the body, but wondered whether it was right to do so. I'd seen no ships for four days. Some must come soon and if they picked me up they would want to know what I had done with my friend. These were foolish thoughts, but my brain, like my body, no longer functioned in a normal way. I decided to postpone the decision as long as I could.

By the morning of the twenty-second day, the corpse had turned black and I couldn't bear to see it or to touch it. I didn't try to stop the fish or the crabs. I merely hoisted my shirt to keep me out of the sun and lay down on the bare ropes with my back under water. I was very weak and slept for the greater part of the day.

Towards evening I could no longer bear the body on the raft. I stood up weakly and heaved at it. I put my arms around the waist and struggled to move it. I got it as far as the side of the raft, but couldn't lift it the three inches to the edge.

For five minutes I heaved, my ears roaring under the strain. Then I could do it no longer and fell back exhausted.

Two more days went by and I began to worry that I'd either missed Ceylon or was making only the poorest progress to the West. It had rained off and on, and with the water supply fairly constant, my physical condition improved somewhat, but I had lost all hope of rescue and didn't care whether I lived or died.

It had become increasingly



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difficult to drink water, even when I had it. My throat appeared to be shrinking and tightening and I couldn't swallow well. Even a small sip took some seconds to make the passage through my throat. And it brought no relief to the pain there, only stirring up the hurts.

The twenty-fifth day was uneventful and hot and uncomfortable until about noon. I tilted the bottle and had a long, painful draught of water. I didn't care to look about the sea in this glare, but I did so now, hoping, as ever, that I might see a ship.

There were no ships, but around the raft now were some of the biggest sharks I'd ever seen. Their dorsal fins, brown at the base and white at the top, stood a clear foot above the water. Their heads looked about two feet across and chunky like shovels. They were three times as long as the raft and swam past not more than a yard or two away.

I'D BEEN TAKING the sharks for granted. But now I cringed back in the raft in unholy fear. They had the scent, I realized. They'd marked down their target and were preparing to attack. They swam against the sides of the raft and underneath, coming up immediately under me in long sweeping runs that left trails of bubbles behind.

They weren't in a hurry. Their target was here and they were looking simply for the best way to get at it. Other times they had wanted the fish that foolishly sought the raft's shadow.

Now the fish had left us and there was nothing here but the sharks and the raft, Ericsson's body and I . . .

I waited with my right hand on one of the paddles, my left clutching a rope cross-piece. Underneath me, in a fold of the lifejackets, were the plastic bag and water bottle, my only links with life and hope. Without them I should die as surely as if the sharks got me.

For a minute, maybe five, the sea was quiet. The sun, high overhead, burnt down from the cloudless blue sky. No breeze touched the water. There was no swell and only the slightest movement beyond the raft for as far as I could see.

The sharks were very quiet, waiting. Close by were three of the largest, and I knew they would start the attack. There were four others, barely moving as they cruised in a wide circle well beyond the raft. Deep below were the others, how many I dared not guess.

I didn't see the first blow, only the big shark as it flashed white past the side of the raft, leaving the metal floats ringing. In all the awful moments before, when Ericsson and I had staved off the sharks, there was never such a blow as this. It was staggering and I don't know how I saved myself.

I'd just recovered from the first blow when another shark attacked. He hit a glancing blow and the speed with which he came carried him forward and into the air. I could see two feet of his glistening body above water.

A torrent of spray fell over me and I shut my eyes when the water came, then opened them slowly, expecting to find the shark had landed inside the raft. Now, all around, the water was torn and threshed. I counted the blows as they hit, and lost count, and closed my eyes again



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to shut out the despair and horror of it all.

A fin disappeared and now it was a shape coming up at the raft, brown and fast and white. I heard the canvas strips at the bottom give way, and the tearing of the ropes. A shark was in the raft, its ugly head sticking up above the level of the floats.

I hit it with frenzied terror. I struck it with the blade of the paddle, jabbing for its eye, its brown eye that was so close to mine.

Four times I hit it as it struggled in the mesh of ropes, caught by its shovel head. It was like hitting solid bone and my hands and arms jarred. The paddle would break but I didn't care.

I hit again and again. The ropes snapped and flew apart like bands of rubber. I hit with hate and horror. For this moment I was beyond fear. I found a strength I hadn't known for weeks. But I wasn't hurting the shark. Even when I hit its eye the shark wasn't hurt. But it went down through the broken ropes and into the sea.

Now some went for the sides, others came up from the bottom against the canvas. This was even more terrifying than the side attacks. They shot up into the four feet square of canvas and water that was my home, jostling Ericsson's body and sometimes taking some of it before they fell back into the sea. They were getting more expert.

The sharks were after Ericsson, not me. I knew that. If I could get him through the holes in the ropes they would go away.

They attacked time after time and I pushed and heaved clinging to the sides of the raft as they hit around me. Their jaws were up close to me in the raft itself.

Desperately I struggled with the body, one moment trying to get it through the bottom of the raft, the next pushing to roll it over the side. Rolling was the best method. Kneeling on three of the surviving strands of knotted rope, I got my hands under the side of the body and slowly levered it nearer the edge. To get it up and over was beyond me, but by holding on tight I managed to stop it rolling back.

I was in this position when the sharks hit again. They would take me from underneath before I could get the body over. There were so few ropes left now—when they all went I would be unable to perch on the floats. Then it would be all over. I heaved and lifted, just a few inches more . . .

The sharks came underneath the raft. I felt it tilting high in the air, up and up. Here was my chance. As we poised at this awful angle I gave a final despairing heave and the body of my friend balanced on the edge and rolled into the sea.

They got Ericsson within a yard of the raft, as he floated on top of the water. Fighting among themselves, lashing and churning, they took him away.

I couldn't move. I sat on the side of the raft, worn out, and clasped my hands and whispered:

"Our Father, Which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name . . . . . Thy will be done . . ."

A NEW MOON shone in the sky that night and many stars. Looking at them I thought of what had happened during the day, trying to for-



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get Ericsson's end. It was my first night alone. Even after his death Ericsson had been there to keep me company.

I mustn't think of Ericsson, but about the work I'd done on the raft. I was foolishly proud of my efficiency in repairing the bottom with a coil of rope. I fell asleep with my mind still making crisscross patterns across the raft.

Next day my right arm began to ache. I had several big and especially painful ulcers in my armpit and the poison from these gradually spread down my arm until I could no longer use it. I was getting weaker and I knew it. I thought I might not live for even another day.

My mind was clear. I still had some water, but about noon rain fell again. Despite my bad right arm I got about half a bottle and drank all I could.

After the rain I tried to sing and was shocked to discover that I had no voice left. "Is my voice gone for good?" I asked myself, and just a whispered croak came out of my mouth. "Hello," I shouted, and only parts of the word came. . . .

IF I HAVE EVER BEEN CERTAIN of anything, it was that on March 25, 1953, my thirty-first day at sea, I was about to die. Sometimes I thought I had died. The thread between life and death had become so slender, the transition from one state to another almost a matter of degree.

I lay on my stomach in the sun, waiting for death, expecting it at any moment. The pain had gone from my body, or, if it hadn't gone, it was all one pain and I couldn't tell where it was that I hurt.

In a moment of terrifying reality I saw more sharks than I had seen all the time on the raft. A long procession of them came past. I thought they were porpoises until they came close and I saw them for what they were, a very convocation of the brutes. They were coming for me. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered now.

The thirty-second day blends into the thirty-first. I don't know where one ended and the other began. I have no recollection of the sunrise or anything that happened.

That night the moon was very bright. The evening of our escape had been a night like this. I looked at the stars and tried to place the planets. But the more I looked the more they twinkled and merged and disappeared, and, afraid that I wouldn't live to see the sunrise, I fell asleep.

Sleep . . . and now the great noise of a ship going fast through the water came to me. It cut into my troubled dreams and registered in my subconscious mind. My body didn't react even when I awoke. The night was full of sound.

Suddenly all the importance of the noise hit me. I moved as I hadn't moved in days. Not twenty yards from me, going east, was the bow of a ship.

A light! If only the battery in the flash hadn't given out long ago I could make myself seen.

I tried to shout, but it was a tiny sound, no voice to carry even the few yards across the water to the ship. What I shouted was, "Hello, ship," in English. But no one could have heard me.

I saw some men on deck, but whether they were looking at me or



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far out across the sea I couldn't say. I waved my shirt, but who would see a shirt even on a moonlit night like this?

The black sides of the ship slid along beside me; high above my head were lights and the sound of shouting voices. It was right on top of me. Instead of saving me, the the ship was going to run me down. I cursed myself for sleeping. I screamed a great shout to tell them, and no sound came out. Even to me, my shout was soundless. How could I expect the ship to hear?

It missed me and I grabbed for a paddle, slipping and clawing over the ropes until I reached it. It couldn't go without seeing me. I lifted the paddle and banged with all my might on the floats, mouthing shouts at the ship.

As I brought the paddle down, I heard the ringing sound on the metal. The ship had to hear it, too. I banged again and again, but the ship went away.

I willed it to return and it got farther and farther away. I've never felt so futile. I had no light to flash. No voice to call. My mouth made the right movements, but no sound reached me. "Please, please, come back," I mouthed to the ship. I watched it leave me. There was no more I could do.

Then out from its deck came a light which fell on the sea about a hundred yards from my raft. It lit up a great patch of water and went in and out, in and out.

But the ship went slowly on into the darkness. I couldn't get it back. If only I had the torch—just the flicker of a light and it wouldn't go away. Someone had been curious but his curiosity had died. I would die, too. There'd been no answer to their light. I had no voice and no light. But surely someone would have heard the noise as I banged on the floats.

I sat, not daring to hope, and was surprised a long time later to see the lights coming nearer again. There was no mistaking it. This time the ship came in a large circle and I knew it looked for me. I didn't try to shout. I waited for the right moment when I could start banging again.

WHEN THE LIGHTS were very close I lifted the paddle and let it fall on the metal sides of the raft to guide them to me. And suddenly it was all right. They found me. A great beam of light came straight on my face and I sank down on my knees to save my eyes from the glare, and knew it was over.

The good light stayed on me and suddenly I was ashamed of my appearance, tattered and torn, straw-like hair sticking up all over my head, bristling, matted beard, a barefooted derelict.

For five minutes the light was on me, then the ship turned again. She was too far away to pick me up. But I knew she wouldn't—couldn't—leave me now. This ship was going to save me.

I felt sure they would throw me a rope and waited anxiously until it came down over the raft, over my body. I caught it in the air as the end fell into the water. I was happy and proud to be doing things so well.

I nearly forgot the plastic bag and the bottle. My precious bottle. I needed the bottle. There was still some water in it. I put the bottle



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with the bag against my stomach and put the rope around them, around my waist. I knew it would hold.

They would want a signal. I lifted my hands and made a circle in the air and people shouted while the ship slid by, all its long side.

Then I was in the air. The raft fell behind me and I swung into the water up to my waist. The thought of sharks came to me, only I didn't care any more.

It was as well that I didn't see what the officers and men waiting above could see. For the water was boiling with sharks and the rope that pulled me high and free against the steel hull of the ship moved only just in time. As I swung up and out of the water the men above saw the white belly and the fin of the shark that had just missed its prey.

I knew nothing until hands had me by the shoulders. There were faces all around me and the faces were tender and kind. Hands put me on a blanket and hands gave me water.

"Thank you," said my mouth, and they took away the water. Only a mouthful.

"More, please, oh, please!"

They cut away my clothes and my flesh came, too, in long strange pieces. Tenderly the hands stripped off my shirt and wrapped me in a blanket.

Lying on my back I looked up and saw an officer, standing high on another deck. He was looking at his watch. They told me later it was 3:20 in the morning of March 27, thirty-two days almost to the minute since Ericsson and I had jumped off the *Skaubryn* into the sea.

**WHAT HAPPENED LATER to Ensio Tiira? Because the French Foreign Legion is relentless in its pursuit of deserters, Tiira's whereabouts today remains a secret. The ship that came out of the night to save him was a British freighter. Tiira threw himself on the captain's mercy and was taken to Singapore. There, while being nursed back to health under Government protection, he wrote most of this book. Later, he was permitted to return to his native land. All that is known of him is that he is living quietly "somewhere in Finland."**



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